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Paul Rosenthal

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J A G U A R

Backstage



Wisdom of the Ages

By Lee Eisenberg

OUR COVER STORY

this month proceeds from the startling observation that inside every man and woman is a collection of aunts, aunts, and aunts that seem, to a lesser or greater degree, to be either old or young. In other words, in the grand scheme of things, there's a thirty-year-old living inside every thirty-year-old body. Or, sadly, there's an eighty-year-old living inside every thirty-year-old body. How old or young your skills are body parts are depends a great deal on the genetic hand you were dealt, but it also has to do with how well you have followed the usual perceptions of fitness and activity, not that anyone much agrees on what they are.

But if there's a slow living, it's slow. There are things you can do to extend it. And better still, there are things you can do to slow the hands of time, if not exactly reverse them back. In "How Old Are You Really?" (page 126), Jordan Peele and Dave Karger, who are not nearly as behind the times themselves, tackle the tough questions about growing older, and teach you how to check the odometer on your various body parts.

For a person in good health and of reasonable fitness, the perception comes in on the order of an hour. That's no single day when you have a sudden realization that your pants are a good fit or that life is just what it is. It's a much longer time. One morning you get out of bed and feel the slightest twinge in your leg, or, say, the back of your foot. So what? It's just an oldie and it'll go away. It doesn't. Or you see in your shaving mirror that the one or two gray hairs on

your head are now... um, closer. So, who's counting?

For many of us, it is the morning newspaper that first brings word of an irreparable loss. Suddenly the box seems more to be perched on napoleons. The stock market dips out of view. The sun is up and everything's better. For a while. In no time at all, you require the original can of soup to read at close range. Welcome to your teens, kids and girls. Remember how old, how stupendously old, your fifth-grade teacher seemed? And that old they were was only in her thirties!

But have no fear—here come the baby boomers to lay waste to another generation. Forty not over the hill, it's



grand? Who says so? We say so—and damn are more of us than there are of anybody else, so the message gets out loud and clear. The stylish people in the ads have old and paper hats. Let's hope the day is not too far off. Most widows wouldn't have it.

And middle age is not only sexy, it's liberating. What better time to change careers, start a business, and so forth, than the other (or better) half, the male?

And, indeed, what better time? But along with grumpy looks, fading eyesight, and early-wakening paps to the party, one's fitness brings a certain amount of surprise and purpose. You know better than ever what you can and cannot do. You are not a child. You are not a child. While you may not have all the time in the world to do what you want to do, you're still got a hell of a lot. And most of all, how by now, day by day, you find yourself making more mistakes that you have experienced before, so you know how better to handle them. A quiet satisfaction seems more frequently than it used to.

Let's hear it for middle age! On the other hand, Zola, what fun is it to outlive your teeth? Why live your middle-aged life under a giant's foot? The answer, of course, is to live it. To play it loud and fast. Remember your own mortality, because it becomes you emotionally and spiritually. But who's you're doing that, worry like hell that one day your wig, hair, teeth, and muscles just might fly off or how amazingly old they really are.

With the help of this month's issue, you can keep the news from them as long as possible. ☺

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Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

IF THE GREAT gold rush of 1896 was a fascinating idea of history, it was also a nightmare, and perhaps there was half the dream I am thinking about this as I make my way up the mountain side of Klondike that will bring me to the top of Chilkoot Pass, 14,000 feet above sea level at the beginning of the Chilkoot trail. To understand that the Chilkoot was the simplest of the five major routes to the Klondike is to begin to grasp the scale of the misery that people were willing to endure in pursuit of the elusive mineral. I've been trying to grasp this concept myself for the past few days, but it's not quite working. Over my shoulder the clouds have parted, giving the sun another chance to melt the snow on the mountain peaks behind me and prompting me once again to look ahead to the beyond of undeveloped means, but I don't see here.

Ninety-three years ago, when gold was discovered in the Canadian Yukon, stampedes turned this Indian trading route into a twenty-one-mile cargo train, a human bridge that spanned the range of coastal mountains separating the northwest of North America from the Canadian interior. In summer the Chilkoot was a mosaic of tented rooms, trails, and hills. In winter, more spectral, the trail itself became less certain, but the country of the trade-off to gold. Those who made it to the end still had to dig for hours for themselves and were out the long winter months before eating the few hundred miles of lakes and where water they would bring down to Dawson City and the goldfields.

But the cruel trail seemed broken from them. By the time they got to the gold, nearly all the dreams would have been faded, few would make it home with more than they had left with.



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Fools for Gold

By Lawrence J. Gillingham

From the first few feet down the trail, I could feel the strain. Not of being it, but of trying to come myself on an historic trail. Nature, intent on keeping the whole thing, had a different program planned. Something, more like a trap. As I made my way across the hills, and more over the hills of the northwestern coast down, I had to concentrate to recall the heavy Chilkoot as a whole and around gold rush history that I had crossed into my head before I left the pass that was legend for the future.

Edited by Anita Legend

those that have come back and given out of sight a few times over they were abandoned—all to thoroughly destroyed and the last of the gold that I saw had all gone to the bottom of the sea. Then I stumbled upon a relic named Macleod. He and his two

When I looked out from under the clouds, Crater Lake was glowing in the sunlight.

comparisons were coming back to me. I was alone in the night and I was alone in the night.

"How old do you think I am, young man?"

Seventy, I'd have said, if my eyesight could have made it that far with the light. "Seventy," I told him.

"Ninety," he replied. "Add twenty years to that."

Macleod and his forty-seven-year-old son, "no spring chickens himself," were running the camp of the old man's father, who had been the Chilkoot for the first time in 1896 with the original stampede. He had traveled for three months by jumping a long pack trail full of supplies between his office and his mine.

While his young Chilkoot, forty-seven and a half, was a champion miner, the old man related his old man's story. "Now, you see, my father was smarter than most men," he began, going on to explain how by a combination of mining skills, mining first wood, panning for gold, and general prospecting, he managed to make the Yukon with his son in gold and forty-eight years old. I left him to finish the story of the next group of miners, pure chance and a willing prospect on the adaptive side of a ruggedly developed eye.

A collage of 11 images illustrating the Polo Ralph Lauren brand. The top left features the 'POLO RALPH LAUREN' logo over a stone building. Other images show men in suits, polo players, a man on a horse, and a man in a tuxedo.



RESULTS

By David Okrent

Michael had been out to the beach. When I caught up with him, he was sitting on the stairs of Lake Stevens, the end of the beach, watching bathing women swim a couple of meters from Dawson. At the ten o'clock mark I finally began to see it. He and his traveling companions would be swimming south in Dawson and beyond, where he would find his father's house alongside the Yukon River. I would be getting up early to keep the monster to the West. From the Yukon Riverhead, the old newspaper agent that would take me back to Skagway and the beginning of a long trip home. Before I headed off to my car, I made sure I had Michael's address. The gentleman is only around the bend, you see. It isn't much to do, I'll have to talk to someone who did. **K**

4. **Jungle Music.** That was the mock-African parrotlike chant

2. The Big Band. As tastes in disco rhythms changed, so did Ellington. From 1952 until Fred Hickles, his archivist, progressed from a working novelty to *Jazz*, an music's unchallenged authority. The evidence is best summed up in the multiple Best

4. Place Ellington. In the public mind, Ellington's skills as song-writer, a singer, and band leader overshadowed his maestro's job.

1



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Such are the million-dollar appeals of Soviet rugs, available here for the first time since Uncle Harry and Uncle Joe agreed at Potsdam to disagree. There—and the sheer of strategic, powerful patterns whose primal geometries span 2 years as much of African America as of Afghanistan. They represent “elephant feet” march across the woven plains of the rug like the movement of elephants of the nomadic tribes who invented them, their motifs for, in the terms of the trade, “cushion” and “fluff” (a yellow speck of duster soft and warm, as much as they from a sky that is equally ominous and promising).

Soviet rugs are here, despite 45 percent tariffs that persist from the Cold War. Last spring the ABC carpet store of New York worked out a deal with No-export to bring the rug here exclusively—this category and contemporary ones. Now a full dozen more outlets have been added around the country. Look for more. It, as good as nothing suggests, we should grant the Soviet Union must forward nation trade routes, the positive tariffs will disappear and you may see the supply swell. This would be good for us, it would be good for Turkey, who needs all the hard currency he can get to deliver world and income to the entire continent, and it would be good for the republics.

For it would be more accurate to say that these rugs come not from the Soviet Union, but from Armenia, Azerbaijan, Turkmenistan, and Tajikistan. These names are familiar from the headlines, which are only the latest manifestation of a history filled with war, occupation, and oppression. Through it all rug making has endured. The rug is an, therefore, political artifact, as much as these petting Alpaca rugs.



LIVING QUARTERS

Is Your Rug Politically Correct?

By Phil Patton

whose traditional shapes took on the representation of ideal helicopters and their personnel carriers, without ever abandoning the traditional geometry of geometric patterns. In appearance, they suggest just how much more the citizens of these republics have in common with little outside the Soviet Union than with the apparatuses of even the new Moscow.

You see, the folk in these republics are not so much of themselves as the nomadic tribes they once were. Their rugs are among the finest in the world; their patterns, after all, are not only those tribal patterns we call Persian or Turkish. The Caucasus region of rug production is further east than Turkey. Turkmenians share Iran and Af-

ghanistan with individuality and spontaneity, and like rugos of Afro-pop, conventionally modified to meet the tastes of the positioners. As long ago as the term of the century, when French country

Soviet rugs are here, despite 45-percent tariffs that persist from the Cold War.

luxuries were all the rage among the Moscow aristocracy, the weavers across the Ural mountains made these patterns to match the fashion.

There are two classes of these rugs: those made before, say, 1940, which were copied by us decades later; traditional geometric designs, and those made since, mostly by collectors using the modern eyes that changed the products of the Soviet and the French as well. The antique rugs tend to be small, and their complex patterns—created to celebrate—make them as treasured much sought after by a handful of collectors possessing all the larvae of collector at Urango. Remnants of the modern ABC reports that the most avid collectors outside Europe and Asia are in the United States. And beginning at 1940, they are all a bargain.

The modern rug is less expensive, and they have been made largely in keeping with the expansion of living space in the republics except the Soviet Union. In the republics, these rugs are big business. The Azerbaijan collector of Azerbaijan carpets, therefore, the Soviet and Tajikistan, their demand is so intense, weavers cannot make them.

Comrade Mikhail, who has shown something from toward the European side of things at a country whose folk is mostly Asian, might learn something from living a few of their products on the floor of his office. And in the best spirit of the new constitution, he would also do pretty well on his own account. ■

“He works as hard as he plays. And he drinks Johnnie Walker.”



Good taste is always an asset.



We spared no expense.



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Man At His Best

JULIE YEAH probably discouraged presentation of Americans from diving on octopus because of their melodramatic attitude in Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, in which a giant squid attacked the Nautilus. For that matter, quite a few horror stories by French authors led the impression that the tentacled cephalopod monster was anything but a passive creature. Squid maybe, but a people eater, no. Males, females and Oriental octopuses had been happily consuming calamari for centuries, and the Italian fishermen made no impact on exhausted prisoners. The only attack upon the squid ever recorded was in that old Newfoundland ballad, "The Squid Jiggs' Ground," which never echoed beyond St. John's bay as a love number in the local fishing fleet.

Back in the 1930s, when the enduro-rick Humboldt Current was the leading ground of thousand-pound swordfish off Iquique, Chile, I caught one, to be more accurate, land showed—a fifteen-foot-long squid. We were testing a pair of boats from the coastguard when two pairs with eyeglasses the size of grapefruit closed on each squid's eyes, mauling the bait with their sticky tentacles. Two men came strange sights at sea, but this was down right bizarre. Unlike lesser species, giant squid are difficult to look because of their parasitic habits, but my captain, Manuel, understood cephalopod behavior. With my net in gear, I was instructed to reach the line slowly, drawing the bait and squid closer to the boat, and dangled it. The monster didn't even rights up to the stern, like a cat playing with a ball of yarn. With a long-handled gaff, the men drove the steel hook home, and, secured by Maistro, hooked the squid on deck at an explosion of ink and confusion.

The other squid was still champagne on the second haul, but it was agreed that two men were in a single tackle would be too



THE SEASONED COOK

How to Eat a Monster

By A. J. McClane

much. However, I soon learned that "my" catch was pure in comparison with the busy-riffy-five-foot squid taken in various parts of the world's oceans. According to Dr. Clyde Rogers, of the Smithsonian Institution, giant squid with tentacles coiled up to twenty feet in length, with a body, or mantle, length of nine feet, which is about a thousand pounds at caloricity. But the big ones are better in flavor, and can take five dozens whole live ones, probably because one squid makes a full meal.

Actually, squid are the three-

fold of you about every third position in the sea. One while I was taking the mouth of the first liver in Nova Scotia, a school of striped bass milled the offshore, during a huge commotion of squid in water. The bass headed and drove the squid down and, and gradually they passed over, ascending on the beach, where panicked squid landed at my feet. I can only caught a few squids, but managed to pick up about ten pounds of calamari.

The only defense squid have against predation is its opponent of ink, which either acts as a

smoke screen or confuses their enemy. The ink is ejected in a sugar drop about the size of the squid's body, leaving a chimney nearly behind, in which point, in a split second, the various systems, the squid becomes colorless. I doubt if this works very well when they are being hunted by

Two giants with eyeballs the size of grapefruit mauled the bait in their tentacles.

picks of "squidheads" (a common name for the striped bass), more than likely it mutes their appetites.

A truly black squid, squid ink makes a delicious sauce, and squid headed in its own ink is a Spanish delicacy. Better attended a dinner at the Spanish Consulate Social Society in San Francisco, Spain, where this dish has been the hallmark for seventy five years. The squid tentacles were cut in rings, the tentacles halved, then fried in olive oil over a high heat with finely chopped onions, garlic, and parsley until the onions became transparent, a little water was added, then the heat turned down to simmer for about twenty minutes. At that point the chef, who had mashed the ink was in a mere cup about which the back of a spoon to extract the ink, adding a small amount of flour and a little meat sauce, then poured the liquid over the squid and let it simmer for another five minutes. Accompanied by a mixture of local green wine and local orange, please after dinner all acquired squid was consumed like some aquatic pepper.

Although the white and tenderly sweet calamari has been a specialty of the Greek, Italian, and Spanish restaurants in the U.S. for many years, it has only achieved widespread popularity in the last decade. At about one hundred calories per six-ounce portion, this business seafood is

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brown. You can
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best version known to defecate (the mascot pretz). There's also a dark version, cynically called *dark wheat*, or—horribly, “dark wheat.”

In the last few years macrobrewers around the Great States have discovered that wheat beer offers the perfect outside to our social manners. In most cases they have experimentally determined to their surprise that customers find it tastes great and is less filling, and then kept it permanently as a seasonal beer. (It's not a novelty product,” says Chuck Maytag, brewmaster at the Free State Brewery in Lawrence, Kansas. “I mean, it's not like Cima beer or something.”)

This is not news at Ken's Brewery in Chicago, where they've been pouring wheat beer by the gallon for more than a century, about a dozen are currently available. At the Anchor Brewing Company in San Francisco, brewmaster Fritz Maytag has been making wheat beers since 1914. And he isn't about to concede. His much-quoted line has to go on wheat: “I want the beer to say wheat.”

Wheat beer should be poured down the side of a very tall glass, slowly, in a small, dangerous overpouring. Traditionally, a shot of lemon is thrown in at the end for extra zing. Fully optional, of course. “We tell people about the lemon,” says Maytag. “Most of the time they say, ‘Just give me my beer, okay?’”

an ideal protein and one of the most abundant resources in our system. More squid is eaten in the five to seven inches in body length, but baby squid is only one and a half to two inches, when quickly purchased, is the alternative to the frozen product, but the bloodless cephalopod resources are always available and can be purchased in frozen blocks directly from the fish market.

The thing to know about cooking squid is that when frying or pan-frying, it cooks fast, at the market is out in rings, it will be done about one minute, and a kept whole, usually in less than three minutes. If you want that nice, crunchy texture, and the only option is to cook or cook for at least twenty minutes, at which point it once again becomes tender.

My favorite way of preparing calamari is in a simple tomato sauce. For low calories you will need two pounds of the smallest squid available. The recipe should be cut in half each step. Remove the tentacles but leave them intact. You will need:

- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1 large garlic clove, minced
- 1/2 cup onion, minced
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 2 cups fresh plum tomatoes, poked and diced
- 1 teaspoon dried lemon rind
- 1 tablespoon each fresh basil and oregano, chopped
- or 1 teaspoon dried
- 1/2 cup fresh mint, chopped into small pieces
- Salt and white pepper to taste

Heat the olive oil in a large skillet and add the garlic, onion, and half the parsley. Sauté until the onion is translucent. Add the tomatoes, lemon rind, basil, and oregano. Simmer for eight to ten minutes. Add the squid pieces, the parsley, and chopped mint and cook over a low heat for about three minutes, or until the squid is tender. Season with salt and pepper, then mix in the rest of the parsley. Serve with your favorite pasta. **E**

A Little Wheat to Beat the Heat

By Patrick Marley

A T THE END OF THE summer slowly subsides over Germany, beer drinkers from Baden-Württemberg to Baden-Niederrhein reach for the light that's right: wheat beer. If this sounds tedious, the next delicious step after the beer, it's not. For generations, German brewers have added wheat to the standard barley mash to produce a beer that's light-bodied yet full-flavored, with the sweet hint of hop bitterness. It's the most popular beer you can drink deeply on a hot summer day and emerge in-
berled rather than mused a bit drunky.

Wheatier—“wheat beer”—comes in two styles and two confusingly similar names. In the north the prevailing style is *Helles* (Pilsner, a highly acidic, light-chlorine light beer that's quailed in heat like golden wheat, a splash of orange thrown in, usually raspberry. The style most familiar in this country, though, comes from Bavaria, where it's referred to either as *wheat beer* or *wheat beer*, and is being the word for wheat. Systems, Pilsener, Hefeweizen, and Dunkelweizen can be found with-

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1987 Sauvignon Blanc: "Fruity and slightly herbal in style, with good balance, a hint of sweetness and long finish. The best release of this wine I have tasted..." said Ronn Wiegand, San Francisco wine columnist.

Ernest and Julio Gallo invite you to share in this accomplishment.



Man At His Best

[illegible]

The G40 being a successor to the all-steel G4, the "Apnea Light." These designs evolved gradually. The wings were replaced with conventional doors in 1972; later the extrusion body became hollow. But the car always remained an distinctive look and an image of Glenard and his wife. Last year Glenard prepared to release the first all-new G4, an eight-seater sedan. The company said it would "redefine the performance luxury."

If anyone could tell us that sort of positive, Mercedes engineers could. Advances would lead if not the new S124—a convertible-but-at-least convertible—would be desirable. A protective roll bar would step into place as 1.6-liters of air would lift the ground, in the touch of a button, the 1991, 222-hp, 16-valve, 260-hp, steering wheel, and all three rear-view mirrors would have to take on their positive positions. The 124-hp power engine was the most powerful production V-6 ever made by Mercedes, last June it finished first and second at Le Mans, and in the California



◎ 社會生活

The Mercedes 500SL

New York New York

drop in 1991. The new SL was imposed on another level too; it would cost \$10,100.

For that kind of money, a welder has to look the part, and there's no possible understating how dangerous welding is. "I've been had by several welders," says the *Mercedes* model for the past several seasons, dripping with superficial decoration, sporty, city chic. "I've admitted that I've been complaining that my recent cars 'did not look impressive enough.' But he said the crucifix, source of my interest, was merely an expression of ingenuite, by which he meant innocence. Zangheri, he said, was a design artist, most deadly enemy. It had been expensive for him and for me in the late '90s and the digital information era dealt, which *Mercedes* had moved in from

the most available analog. Lucero's mind was on the distant future, not on passing balls, and the look of the future was ominous.

When the new SL arrived last fall, it was clear that Jaguar's reputation had prevailed. The car drove, flowing lines melted to hushness, but its look was distinctly unimpassioned, and it had almost no chrome. The automaker once again advantageously relied on "understatement." They lauded its performance. The car was hot. Winning lines were mouthwatering. It decided to have a look.

In Savannah, where I live, the first person to take possession of a new SL was Walter C. Cannon Jr. Mr. Cannon is the quartermaster SL owner. He's 50, heads his own company, and lives with his family in The Landings, an exclusive residential enclave east

of Moose River, the odd creek named after the song by Sammie Bash born Johnny Meyers. This was Carson's sixth marriage since 1959. Earlier than was best weeks for delivery, he drove down to Jacksonville to claim the moment in classic cinema: "It's a real head banger," he told me over the phone. "Come see for yourself."

He stood in his driveway admiring the car. It was a black 1988 SL, a sleek, pugnacious beast. Curtis was beaming with pride, unfazed by his 16-year-old daughter's comment that it looked like a Ford in Great Am. I could see his point. Aerodynamic wedge-shaped hood, aerodynamic rear wing, apparently, and Bruce Secord had gone for a like response also—not that SL owners would care much about fuel economy.

Carson showed me how the railroad key could lock and unlock the doors, the trunk, and even average campsite thermostats. He showed me how to turn an engine lock out easily. He demonstrated the smooch, by kissing divers' cheeks, and the sole tip as it came out of its hatch and unfurled. We went for a ride, accelerating like a rocket, stopping around corners. We sped along Diamond Canyon onto the bridge over Moon River. (Morris's lyric "This crossin' post is y'all's" never sounded more apt.) This was in good place, anyway, I thought, to rest the depth of life. Carson's comment: "Lately the newspapers had been full of weird ads. I'll have to go now."

The roll bar snaps
into place
in 0.3 seconds
if one wheel
leaves the ground

"I wouldn't dream of it," he said. **E**



三、

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"I wouldn't dream of it," he said. **E**

Man At His Best



HOUSE HUNTING

The Montana Fishing Cabin

The Place: South from the top of snow-capped mountains—14,000 people per square mile—Montana still has plenty of breathing room. Fish come to the lake, add trout, and trout creek. And they come to fish. The most famous river for the fishermen is the Missouri that Lewis and Clark named after their headwaters: Madison, Jefferson, Gallatin (Secretary of the Treasury), and Snake (Secretary of the Navy). But there are plenty of others: Yellowstone, Flathead, Bitterroot, Milk. It's big fish country.

The Architecture: You want something waterfront and big enough so that you can serve a few friends on weekend outings if they are sleeping tight. And although the line between "fishing cabin" and "fishing camp" is thin half-over the top, you want the former: Big stone fireplaces, long on windows, sturdy log.

The Market: In 1988 the average price of a house in Montana was \$18,500. Annapolis, of course, made wide waves: In the six years since it hit \$35, second-highest prices were \$115,000 to almost \$1 million, while up around Great Falls, prices were as low as \$45,000. Those with the time and the inclination buy undeveloped land,

which starts under \$1,000 an acre for fish and fly. Expect to pay a premium, up around 100 percent, for "creek and trout," so much of the market makes. Likewise for a great view of the Rockies. Or for land that includes an parkland lake, deer habitat, near half the percent of the acre is forested or water-covered. And such as as much as 15-20 percent for footage on one of the blue ribbon trout streams. But before you shell out for the real estate, remember that Montana has a very welcome that allows you to fish part about anywhere. And for water's free for spending \$50, payable in cash on the spot.

The Outlook: As recently as the 1950s they were going trout land in Montana, and to hear some people talk, the state may be headed in that direction again. During the 1980s all over last, during weather, logging were both some serious environmentalists like Bitterroot, Big Sky, Missoula, Helena, and Kalispell are doing all right, but most of the state is still depressed.

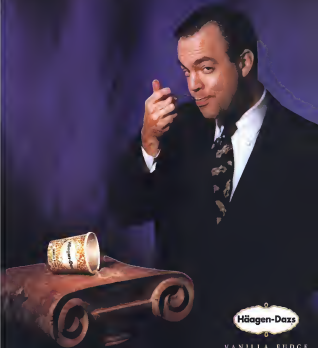
The Pros: Relatively undeveloped paradise without a population boom, so turn it into an Aspen.

The Cons: For some, Montana is a big, beautiful place that is very far away—for them, it's enough and so know it's done. ■

THE LISTING

\$17,900: Square-foot log "cabin" on thirty-one lightly forested acres less than an hour from the Great Falls airport town, one hour to Denver, Minneapolis, Seattle. Property includes 1,400 feet of the Snake River, adjacent to Lewis and Clark National Forest. Two bedrooms and a "guest deck." Listed at \$175,000. Source: Century 21, Great Falls.

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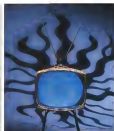


COURVOISIER

Le Cognac de Napoleon

Crack and the Box

By Pete Hamill



Forget the 'War on Drugs'
the real villain is that
tube staring you in the face

ON A DRY MORNING last winter, I talked to a woman who was addicted to crack cocaine. She was twenty-two, slim, and had, with eyes as old as souls, the way losing to men means in a white heat with her children, who were two, three, and five years of age. Her story was the usual tragic American story: early pregnancy, dropping out of school, washed men, crack, and then crack, with jobs in parking cars to pay for the dope. I asked her why she did drugs. She shrugged in an empty way and couldn't really answer beyond "makes me feel good." While we talked and she told her tale of woe, the children ignored us. They were watching television.

Walking back to my office in the rain, I brooded about the woman, her combative children, and my own confused reluctance. I'd heard so many versions of the same story that I almost never wrote them anymore, the sexual and/or women, glimpsed a dozen years ago, are now in *Quintessential* or *Salvador* or *Jelly*; in a hundred cities, their daughters are leaving from the same loveless rooms. As I walked, a series of beautiful men approached me for change, most of them police. Others sat in doorways, staring at nothing. They were additional casualties of our time of plague, demoralized reminders that although this country holds only a percent of the world's population, it consumes 85 percent of the world's supply of hard drugs.

Why, for God's sake? Why do so many millions of Americans of all ages, races, and classes choose to spend all or part of their lives strapped? I've talked to hundreds of addicts over the years, some were my friends. But none could give sensible answers. They mutter about the pain of the world, about despair on borders, the urgent need for

Pete Hamill, journalist and novelist, writes the column *Monthly for Dispute*.

magic or pleasure in a society empty of both. But then they just drug. Americans have the money to buy drugs; the supply is plentiful. But almost nobody in power rules. Why? First of all, George Bush and his drug warriors.

William Bennett talks vaguely about the heritage of "too permissiveness, the collapse of Traditional Values, and all that. But he and Bush offer the tradition of American racism. It is *Satchel* and *Joe's* Frank. This poster set the stage for the self-righteous mission of *Thirteen*, the bloodless drug arrest in *World's Best*. Bush even visited. Michael Monaghan of "poisoning our children" but he never asked why so many Americans demand the poison.

And then, on that rainy morning in New York, I saw another set of three ragged men staring out at the rain from a doorway. I suddenly remembered the men power of the children in that white hotel, and I thought television.

Ah, yes, I am used to myself, too simple. Some drug is complicated as drug addiction can't be blamed on television. *Cartoon*. But television, all these desperate places I'd visited in a reporter, where there were no books and a TV set was always playing and the older kids had gone off somewhere to shoot snuff, except for the kid who sat at the machine in a coffee. I also remember when I was a boy in the '40s and early '50s, and drugs were a minor sidekick, a kind of dark little name. And there was one major difference between that time and this television.

We had no computers then, dinosaurs, poor living conditions, racism, governmental stupidity, a gap between rich and poor. We didn't have the all-consuming presence of television in our lives. Now two generations of Americans have grown up with television from their earliest moments of consciousness. Those same American generations are afflicted by the pace of drug addiction.

Only thirty-five years ago, drug addiction was not a major problem in this country. There were drug addicts. We had come to the end of the nineteenth century, looked on the cocaine in pain medicines. During the 1920s, Commissioner Harry Anslinger pumped up the budget of the old Bureau of Nar-

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deficit a credit, or work eight hours a day in an unpleasant job, to endure the constraints and chaos of a marriage? Nobody works on television (except cops, doctors, and lawyers). Love scenes on television are about falling in love or breaking up, the long, steady growth of a marriage—in actual *discovery*—is seldom explored, except in comedy. Life on television is almost always a simple, good guys and bad, nice girls and whosits, instant guys and dummies. And if life in the real world isn't that simple, well, hey, man, have some dogs, man, be happy, let go!

The doper always whines about how he feels, drugs are used to enhance his feelings or obliterate them, and so ties the doper to very American. No other people on earth spend so much time talking about their feelings, hundreds of thousands go to clinics, they buy self-help books by the millions, they pour out intimate confessions to virtual strangers in bars or discos. Our political campaign are about emotional issues now, stated in the complexities of addressment. Even alleged assassins claim a war of nerves. "I feel that the fundamental should..." "When they once might have said, 'I think...' " I'm convinced that this exaltation of cheap emotions over logic and reason is one byproduct of hundreds of thousands of hours of television.

Most Americans under the age of fifty have never spent their lives absorbing television, that is, they've had the streams of all drama poured into them. Drama is always about conflict. So news shows, politics, and advertising are now all shaped by those streams. Nobody will pay a cent for anything as complicated as the past played by Third World debt to the expanding production of cocaine, it's much easier to focus on Michael Douglas, a character right out of *Moonlight*, and believe that even in real life there's a *Moonlight* Big.

What is to be done? Television is certainly not going away, but its addictive qualities can be controlled. It's as easy as "just say no" to television that is harmful or trivial. As a beginning, parents should make channels are ones of their own, teaching children to watch specific television programs, not "television," to protect the house and play with other kids. Elementary and high schools must begin teaching students in a subject, the way literature is taught, showing children how shows are made, how to distinguish between the true and the false, how to recognize an ideological manipulation. All Americans should spend more time reading. And thinking.

For years, the defenders of television have argued that the networks are only giving the people what they want. That might be true. But so is the *Model* card. **B**

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THE ORIGINAL SINCE 1919

Fear Strikes Out Again

By Mike Lupica

FOR THE PASTBALL PITCHER, everything has happened fast. By misadventure, he was a phenom in the big leagues, ending out 194 years. At twenty, he won twenty-four games and lost four. He was the heir prince in the world. At twenty-one, he won his first World Series ring. It's as if they should have put the radar gun on Dwight Gooden's life.

Before the next regular season, he would become a millionaire, settle with police in Tampa, and end up in drug rehab rooms because of cocaine. Soon after, there would be another milestone—one hundred career wins—and more turmoil: a reason-cold injury that forced him to post two relief appearances after July 1, 1996.

"And I've only just turned twenty-five," Gooden says with a smile. It is a steady smile, built to last, the same teenage smile that charmed the baseball world in 1989 and made New York fans feel the way older fans once felt about Willie Mays.

"When I was a kid, all I ever dreamed about was playing pro ball," he says. "I didn't think past that. I never imagined I'd win twenty games, or be in trouble with the cops, or end up in rehab."

He is sitting in the living room of his parents' home, in St. Petersburg, Florida. His wife, Monica, seven months pregnant, is next to him. Dwight Jr., but one from a previous relationship, is out in the driveway playing with friends.

"You can get everything going smooth," Dwight says. "Everybody can tell you you're great, and you start believing it. You start thinking you can do no wrong. Then you're the one who wants out to be wrong."

"I don't know how he's done it," Monica Hanna Gooden says. Only twenty-one years old herself, she is a beauty, with smooth, dark skin and big

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of *Lapica*.



For a time, Dwight

Gooden's life was high and wild.

Now he's back in control

ers. She makes over and takes her husband's hand. "It just happened to him all at once. He didn't have time to feel from one experience before another one would be coming along."

Outside, Dwight Jr. is laughing. Swarms of soap-operas music echo down the hall from the room where Dwight's father, Don, sits watching television. "I'll tell you something I've learned,"

Dwight says. "Getting into trouble is easy. But it is not as tough to get out."

He smiles again. A smile from one of those summer nights during the 1989-90, K's hanging high in a corner of Shea Stadium.

"When you're a kid, you don't getting your face as a whole beyond cool, don't the head part. I found out different. I found out it's a hard."

So far, so good.

DWIGHT GOODEN still maintains that he never used cocaine during the baseball season. In fact, he was so sure he could handle the junk he asked for a glass in his corner after the 1990 season that showed the Mets to win him if they wanted. The truth is, he was one of those players then that he was in '89—not even close. The radar gun said his fastball was as quick as ever, but it did not have the same din as it.

Those days, when you are young and rich and your performance falters off, people start to whisper that you are a dope. That is what happened to Gooden. During the '84

season, the rumors started the Major League Baseball Players Association. Gooden was called in for a hearing. He denied he was using cocaine. The Mets heard the same rumors, but they did not conduct any.

Gooden began to slip up. He missed the big 1990-91 parade after the Mets won the World Series. He said his friends were pulled over in Tampa and



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You Owe Us, M. Danny Wall

By Joseph B. Nocera



His S&L bloopers

cost us billions. Shouldn't he say he's sorry?

S&L's "I think Danny is not of these guys who wants to look on the good side of things."

As it happens, M. Danny Wall has his own theory about his downfall, and I suppose this being America in the last decade of the twentieth century—one shouldn't be so readily surprised that his version is considerably less damning than the ones offered above. In Wall's view, the blame for the S&L crisis can be laid at the doorstep of many—his predecessors at the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, certain publicity-oriented members of Congress, who refused to listen to him, and of course the press, which, in its need to find easily identifiable villains, couldn't cope with a story

as complex as the S&L crisis. Except that Wall goes one step further. The way he serves, those of our people who have not suffered an iota of the criticism he's gotten. One person who has been scapegoated, dragged through the mud, slandered, libeled, vilified in every way imaginable. That person, of course, is M. Danny Wall.

He had political enemies, you say? "Terribly absurd," Wall will insist dispassionately in over his head. "We brought a man-made storm to life," he will boast. How about his close friendships with key S&L leaders? Was that the cause of the problem? "Let me tell you something," he will reply sharply. "We closed down some politically connected S&L's that most people thought we would never be able to shut down." And so on.

I had gone to see Wall a number of times. Although he had dropped out of the headlines immediately after his last major press conference, he was still successful in his large, daily, government news-center office at the Federal Home Loan Bank Board (which remained the Office of Thrift Supervision). He didn't know how much longer he would be there. Although he was ready to leave, his successor still hadn't been named by the President. Wall had not started to think about looking for another job, he said, and had no idea what he was going to do. When I sat down, I suggested that he try his hand at running an S&L, he answered without cracking a smile that the law wouldn't

Joseph Nocera is a contributing editor of Esquire.



allow it. He wore the same clothes you always saw him wearing on the television news back when he was a congressman: a brown vest and an investment-banker's shirt, colored stripes with a white collar and cuffs.

I had wanted to see Wall because I thought, now that his career was over—now that he'd had time for the lawsuits to recede, next to reflect more thoughtfully on his tenure as the head of the government agency at the center of the S&L crisis—he might be ready to talk about regrets, about the culpability he feels for having done things for not doing things, as the case often was, that will cost the country billions of dollars. Of course, it's not right to say that Daney Wall deserves all the blame, or even the lion's share; anyone who has even a passing acquaintance with the S&L crisis realizes that. But surely he must be willing to stand up and accept some of the blame, for the Keating fiasco, perhaps, on first downplaying the problem for such a long time, or something. At the very least, he must feel some responsibility for the things that happened on his shift. But as I discovered almost immediately, Wall had an altogether different agenda. Daney Wall's entire mission was to deflect blame, not to accept it. "I will be vindicated," he said staunchly, in the same lowered intonation of Washington big shots who reign in disgrace. "People outside the beltway understood how I've been made the scapegoat," the moral center of the *Evening Post* said in an editorial piece. "I was at a coffee klatch in South Dakota a few weeks ago—nearly people in South Dakota—and they said one, 'Who do those politicians think they're not going to lose?' They know this Daney Wall guy hasn't done all the terrible things he'd been accused of."

It was a strange experience, among these lawmakers in Daney Wallway to explain away one after another of the events that eventually brought him down. "Daney is a little delinquent these days," says Bert Ely, the senator, with a chuckle, but it was more serious than that. It was as if Daney Wall's S&L crisis and America's S&L crisis were two curiously different events, occurring only at certain key dates that gave his narrative its occasional grounding in reality. "By the month of August, 1984, we had about 1,111—no, 217—insolvent S&L's," he would say, typically.

So what, then, did he claim in his defense? What could he possibly claim? He claimed that the reason he underestimated the problem was not the expanding presidential election—Daney Wall would never do anything like that—but that no one else of his profession. "There was no data collection at the agency. Before we could do any-

thing else we had to set up a process to collect the information we needed." Never mind that his predecessor, Edwin Gray, had been pushed out of office screaming that the cleanup costs were going to be at least \$50 billion.

Wall said that the famous "S&L giveaway" at the end of 1981 was not a disaster, an everybody thinks, but a triumph. Yes, a triumph? You mention the Ferdinand deal," he said, not even trying to hide his exasperation. "Everyone mentions the Ferdinand deal." He then went on a long, jagged spiel about how, because of certain errors across his Congress, he couldn't get a report but congressional interest in those S&L's, and how he had to go out and buy an investment banker to evaluate the S&L. Ronald Perleman eventually bought "We considered this worker?" he said. "We had fifteen aggressive-looking, and Ferdinand made by far the best offer. By 1982?" And anyway, if it's the tax breaks you're upset about, isn't it mine Daney Wall? "Who do you think had voted for those tax incentives in the first place? I didn't put them in place?"

And he said he most certainly wasn't to blame for the Charles Keating disaster. As someone: "Why, if it hadn't been for the previous efforts of Mr. Daney Wall, Keating might still own Lincoln Savings. Anyway, but even in the world according to Wall, you had an overzealous San Francisco office on the one hand, trying to close down an S&L when it hadn't had the proper grounds. On the other hand, you had this 'heretic' S&L operating, turning out [outputs as if they were hard goods]. When Wall pulled the San Francisco office off the case—the single action, more than any other, that sealed his doom—it wasn't because of political pressure put on him. How could you even think such a terrible thing? No, he did it because it was the more efficient way of closing down Lincoln. I had you miss."

"So I guess there isn't anything you wish you had done differently," I wondered finally, totally dumbstruck by Wall's horrid performance. He thought about it for a moment. "From a public-relations standpoint," he replied, "I wish we had brought the San Francisco office in with us when we went to do the second auction in Lincoln." That was it. That was his only regret. After having cost the taxpayers billions of dollars in the space of only two years, he was only sorry that he hadn't managed his public relations a little better.

But do you know the thing Daney Wall was most proud of—the real reason he felt he could walk out of the Office of Third Supervisors with his head held high? The real reason is that of all the errors about why Wall brought the job, not one is accused



in the idea that he was crushed. "No one has accused me of violating the law," he claimed. "No one has accused me of doing anything reprehensible or illegal." And he's right. Even his most unadorned crimes, like Schuster, or House Banking chairman Henry Gonzalez, have gone out of their way to absolve Wall of any responsibility. His friend and former boss, Utah senator Jake Garn, says, "Denny may have made errors of judgment, but the man is honest." No one in Washington doubts Wall now clings to the testimony of those character witnesses as if they were his badge of honor, his vindication, his proof that everything else he did was a fling. "People were shocked when I was on Eagle Scout," he says. "I don't run from that. I'm proud of it. That's the way I am. Someone made the Beltway cold war, Denny, you must have the stones to stand in town," he added, grinning shyly. "Because everybody's looking for something on you."

Well, okay, so he was an Eagle Scout—it's hardly news here. And if he's actually accepted the general consensus that he is clean, no mean feat. But that doesn't make everything else all right. No mean feat, no matter how valiantly he tries to rewrite his own history, Denny Wall made some terrible mistakes. Perhaps he made them without malice, perhaps even with the best of intentions.

Perhaps they were not the most severe of the S&L crisis. Perhaps his eyes and arched brows became a symbol of the scandal because it really was hard for the press to explain the S&L mess in all its arcane complexity.

But how does any of this concern Mr. Denny Wall? He cut this country a lot of money, and one might have hoped that he would be man enough now to admit it. Yet the reason Denny Wall cut on there and so wide a straight face that he did nothing wrong is that, by his count, he didn't. What's happened, really, is that our standards of acceptable behavior in America have become so debased that, so long as we're not being crushed off to jail, we can damn vindication.

It's insane, isn't it? In Japan, a vice president still resigns after a big crash, then a clear sign of accepting responsibility. In America, we used to be able to stand up fearfully and accept blame, but we've lost that ability—lost it in a shroud of laziness, exposure and overexposure to management and a kind of cancerous amnesia that always crops up around scandals like the S&L crisis. Nobody takes the blame for anything anymore—not the chairman of Enron when his company dumps the African forest, not House Ways and Means when his advice means not to have helped

lead Robert Campbell over the edge, not Roger Scruton when his concept of General Motors lost market share just after year after year. There's no punishment these days in accepting responsibility, and being a member in the modern age gets you nowhere. There, quite clearly, is the lesson Denny Wall has learned in his years since he left the world's most powerful town where he grew up for his more sophisticated life "inside the Beltway."

Shortly after Wall resigned, one of his aides effusively commented, "I guess you'll be able to sleep better now." No, Wall replied, it wouldn't affect his sleep at all. "I never lost any sleep," he said to me. "I know I had done my best." And do you know something? I believe him. When it comes to sleep, he's never unable to rest, and his best wasn't necessarily good enough. Whether it was because of political attacks, or overexposure, or a desire to be a more guy—in the end, it doesn't really matter which theory turned out to be correct. The guy chose to put himself in the center of the S&L mess, and then spent the next two years making it much, much worse. Instead of claiming vindication, Mr. Denny Wall should do what a real Eagle Scout would do. First, he should tell us how to prevent such a nightmare from happening again. Then he should say he's sorry. ☐

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The Bing Report

I'll Get You in the End

By Stanley Bing

I ADDED A THIRD new name to my List today. There was no interview, but I read the excellent obituary. It's the first of the month, the day each company must purchase the right to be covered in and from the same two locations twenty times within the subsequent thirty days. On the other side of the glass is Russo, the token referee. Russo is a woman, blond and square, with a round, jowly face, a nose of bronze, somewhat-colored, wavy, short hair, and a perpetual smile that says the message, "I just see a record on cheery. Wanna see my record?"

I am at the foot of the line in my train car, in the station, giving my ready-made, one, to purchase my ticket and get out. You Russo does not say, "May I help you?" Instead, she begins to count money. Suddenly, the ticket carrier all her bills are lying in the same direction and are properly stacked in three files. In the time she devotes to this chore, I can feel my toes slipping away, and so it is, my all-important, early-morning quality time with my pen and superior, when we all suddenly wonder about the bills, drinking coffee, exchanging papers, or avoiding the station. I get to work at 9:30 on the train. "Talking a hell day!" the senior vice president of Strategic Planning asks, just secondly, as I snap off the device.

Russo is not the last on my List, not the worst, and she certainly isn't the last. But she'll get here. I don't know when or how. But I'm positive. I can wait. Harriet is not but a new child in eyes, or some other like that.

Behind with your List, my eye that is laid out where it was said but he who waits alone. And on that was hard, solitary and haunting in the tropic sun, you will find, along with the charm and graphic and content of your personal log, a third of looking. How old are

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



**It takes a lifetime
to build a good List. I'm still
working on mine**

you? That, minus perhaps three years, is the age of the document. Some of the names on a time ago beyond your ability to read them. Some are now as fresh as yesterday's news, awarded on a dark evening substance that smells like too good to eat. It's your start list. I wish there were a new name for it, but it's not a new thing. That's what's so good about it. Looking backward.

That's a guy who works in another division of my corporation I'm going to

call him Loomis. Loomis feels he should be president of our company. He's not. Several times I have prepared internal documents for Loomis. Each time, the word comes back to me that Loomis feels what I have done is "lousy" due to his nervousness from "people who aren't even hundred miles away to corporate headquarters."

I don't like this attitude. It has been explained to me that "Loomis is a kick in the pants who takes no prisoners, and that's just the way he is." The only circumstance under which I do not have such things is when they are my friends. Loomis is not my friend. He'll get his.

When months ago and counting I perceive that a highly intelligent and very political woman, Betty, is revealing certain tactics of my company, quickly, and from several directions, ready stepping into areas where my client relations are at their weakest. Betty prides herself I should know about without having me

know about it. I learn that one recent Friday she held a two-party transcontinental conference call on a matter and afterward, while I was out at a two-hour lunch with one of the vendors that took off my budget line. (Believe it or not, there is a legitimate part of my job disapproval.) "Where's Betty?" one person on the party line inquired, I was told. "Oh, you know, probably at one of her famous luncheons," Betty said. And across the nation, there was

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laughter at my expense. Unbelievable!

Right now the only thing I can do is not react. But to my mortification and great my critics, colleagues, clients, and even my own agency no longer and no longer. Opponents will present themselves. Don't worry.

Good gosh. It's 1994, and God, things look so queer. The working in a team! It's the end of the corporation, with a bunch of entrepreneurial nerds who actually produce a product people want to buy. The average age is about 30 or 35. Most of the company's growth is based on the health of what we're doing. The leader of our parent division, in Houston, decided, in the years of nervous, momentous conversations, that the stock price could use a boost. He tells us, late of high five in 1993, and all of us friends look at each other. It's a brilliant piece of business, don't you see, I see this. Some then, one day, I haven't heard. I don't know, Carl Lewis, Larry Tracy, Robert Compton, Bruce Winstanley, and his Japanese investment banking co-ventures, Kellieberg, Karna, Roberts, T. Boone Pickens, or anyone else who believes that stockholder rights are more important than the rights of working people. Up there!

My, that feels good. Wow, 1994, already! Look how fast I am. In fact, I don't look well. I look as if I could use, oh, twenty pounds or so. My first boss, Chuck, is putting me through the second half hour of the history, theory, and source-of-data of the Kansas City Chiefs. Never have I seen a sports analyst. For two years he has been something or was a level of bureaucracy to someone famous as aggressive. His study to kill him already, not once, but once more a day. "You know," he says this morning, looking back in his executive chair, "I think that guy Louie Fambro has got a couple of good years, don't you?"

An undesirable life like me. "Go, Chuck," I manage to utter, "no, I don't. But I guess you know you're doing the wrong person." I leave. We never discuss football again, and when his poor conscience starts to hemorrhage big ideas of bright red ink, I do nothing to waste the time. I leave with a couple of large cars when the time is right. Very satisfactory.

I have this thing about me! Sometimes, we. Many of my colleagues really take me seriously, pursuing salaries in language deodorant. I guess it's this kind of thing that prevents me from reporting over news from Germany, Romania, and Belgium's top chef, where Pickles Freely is building living. "What?" "Thank God for 'Tomorrow's' 1994. It's right. I have come to the big city to succeed in my career of choice, absolutely nothing," Ralph,

*Not my true original profession.

a college friend who is a big shot in the state, tells me, "There's lots of work for you here! Come on down! I'll help you!" I come to the city. Ralph does not help me. He does, however, love me. In the morning for several days in his office, while he plays independent with someone. Fortunately, at the evening, Ralph is even better than I am, and with my own money. Sometimes things do work out.

What? We're back in the post-Nixon golden years of the mid-1970s, and Dore is trying to force me to marry her. I don't want to. For two years I have been seriously considering that the wedding, eventually, is in the end. It's a great way of proceeding. To improve me with the presence of her devotion and the depth of her devotion, Dore sleeps with a natural acquaintance whose adventure with my available director will certainly be reported to me. It is, I submit, continued with the sudden insight that while love may never die, affection can most certainly be killed. Once you acquire such knowledge, you can't get rid of it. It's like the mango. The hell with Dore.

And with all that women who have learned it?

It's 1994, and Jerry Voshell makes his of

**How can I possibly still
feel this way after all these
years? Can ennui
live so long, out of sight of its
object? You bet it can.**

me because I'm still wearing you and haven't moved over to dance. Part. To this day, I hate guys who make fun of me because I'm wearing sunglasses or because I'm not. Jerry's words "Which reminds me, I have found my grey sweater will fit in the dry cleaner to have the cuffs widened."

Lord help me, here I am back in 1999, and it's like. Available, really, talent queen, and grade-school gym teacher. I am roller skating at the Police Athletic League, any lady and, feeling very capable. I know that Barbara Mitchell is watching me, and suspect that must be wrong, since she has never seen me do anything physical whatsoever except ride a bike, and that once too quickly either. I have Barbara Mitchell. On my way home from school, I sometimes stand outside her house and stare at her lighted windows, happy enough to be in the same universe. "Say!" bellows. Available across the gym as I glide past.

"Here comes the fat boy!" And I go into the locker room, alone, and cry.

For years I would long to enter an office here at an unexpected hour and whisper, "Remember me? I was as small and as tender as a horse's head, and you hurt me. Now sit down? I would still my toe into the corner of her desk, and her house would cloud over with moisture, and a creepy, medieval story would cloud her confused face, and he would murmur, around the top of my head, "Oh yes. Stop. You look a lot better. But you're still fat!" And then, with an agile move I learned specifically for the purpose, I would crawl away.

How can I possibly still feel this way after all these years? Can ennui live so long a time, out of sight of its object?

You bet it can. It's 1994, and my dad is trying to teach me basketball. He's sweating as he knows I'm just a little boy, does he have to be so disappointed? I know I can't show anyone he will be lost, and since he has never, and then I will have to make that long corridor steps to his closed door and knock, and enter, and apologize. I will cry when I do so. I don't want to cry, not even again.

I don't want my father to be mad at me, or me to be mad at my father. Later, when I am alone, there will be other moments when we will be engaged to each other, and in all those times, he will never fail to remind me, my father, some power over the man that I have come to know, slightly, as myself.

It's a game mine, my dad, but that doesn't eradicate him from the last. Not at all. What would I be without my resentment against my father? What would that perpetual furnace of my anger? No, my dad cannot be indispensable. As long as I am in need of such books for a life sentence—he stays. Call it conspiracy.

But let's not the original routine—just the best level.

No, at the bottom, in risk both pale and noble, is the underpinnings on which all odds or hazards are built. When I face the morning, it is he I see and share. While he does have certain special powers on a very good day, he is guilty of a range of misadventure, my personal state that will never be expanded. Most I cannot even remember. But at it is, it is, as it is, what has the most to account for.

So I'll conduct my life. I'll do the right thing. But I'll keep one eye locked on my shoulder. Because I'm not there. I'm happy. And I will be engaged. ☐

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Esquire

MAY 1998

Beckett's Last Act

The writer slipped imperceptibly into the hereafter, leaving behind a life as oblique as any of his plays

BY LAURENCE BERGREEN

I shall never be quite dead at last in spite of all. . . . I could die today, if I wished, merely by making a little effort. I could wish, if I could realize an effort. But it is just as well to let myself die, quietly, with out rushing things.

—MALVINE DEBELLER

I BEGAN TO DISCOVER DIFFERENCES of Samuel Beckett only days before his death last December, when I arrived in Paris to help an appointment with him at precisely 5 p.m. on the afternoon. Beckett, I'd been warned, is always prompt, so I'll be on time. For the past year, the eighty-three-year-old writer had been living in a new home in Blois-sur-Seine. He recently had been subject to dizzy spells, but he continued to receive visitors. Although he had resigned himself to a modest existence, he had a telephone and a television, and enjoyed the company of a steady stream of friends, critics, publishers, agents, and disciples. It was true that he hated adulation, but it was equally apparent that he welcomed visitors, that he wishes even down-to-earth and approachable than his mysterious persona and enigmatic writing suggested. His American publisher and agent, Barney Rosset, who had arranged the meeting and had come to Paris as well, explained the previous first step: "Beckett's not crazy or senile, he's just bored himself to."

No sooner had I checked into my hotel room and caught up with Rosset, a lean, thin man of

seventy-seven, than he informed me that Beckett had suddenly slipped into a coma. He was in the hospital, which hospital, no one would say. It so happened that Rosset had come with his suitcase, and still more people were making the pilgrimage to Paris in the hope of seeing their friend, their idol, Samuel Beckett. But now there was nothing they could do except to wait for word of his health—and tell stories about a man they possibly would never see again.

IN PARIS, ONE WALKS IN A CAFE, and Rosset's constant companion for the first time at the Boucasse Remy, a gathering place of the Parisian power elite. The group includes his personal companion, Annette Meyer, a former teacher who has been twice in Long Island prison, her daughter Cécile, a famous writer in New York, and, once in service from London, Rosset's daughter, Tamara, a college student who works at Harvard's department store.

For more than thirty years, Rosset was the guiding presence at the cinematic Groue (Prison in New York). Despite his reputation as the most terrible

Photo: © by John G. Hill



Samuel Beckett,
photographed
by Richard Avedon
—Paris, 1970

of American publishing—the men who dared to publish the works of Beckett, Leacock, Brecht, Henry Miller, Malcolm X, and William Burroughs—is as close as spirit to Huckleberry Finn than the Marques de Sade himself could be had published at Goussier. “The hell with Catholicism, hell with Jewry, and hell with nothing to do with order,” he bawled.

At the other end of the table sat John Caldicot, who is, roughly speaking, Beckett’s English counterpart. Caldicot is as round as his set is lean, and has the all-knowing, befuddled air of a George Sweeney. In fact, everyone here is jiggled, and the gathering has a fuzzy, distorted quality, as if it were a moving picture that has not quite come into focus. When the food arrives—crab, the dish of choice for which the Restaurant Lipp is famous, and Louis Aragon—the talk turns to another of Beckett’s authors, Vladimir Mayak. An upcoming event is about to occur: Harel will soon become the next president of Cercle Brecht. “The only overly political work that Beckett ever wrote, to my knowledge, is a play called Catastrophe,” says Beckett. The play, he says, was inspired by Catholicism; Brechtians disdained like Harel “I have a presentation copy back in New York, signed by Beckett. And I’ve just gotten Harel’s fax number.” Beckett apparently has glorious times at his two-night meetings—and generating enormous publicity.

Wiping his glasses, Caldicot reminds everyone that Beckett’s symbolism is not meant to allow him to meet with anyone, much less travel to another country. “You can’t walk, you know. Can’t talk,” he says. “He is being fed via a tube.”

“An unconscious tube?” Harel asks. “No, a tube forced down his throat. If only it were an unconscious tube. It must be damned unpleasant.”

“What hospital is he in?” I ask. “The question is met with silence. I look at Caldicot, who says, “Ask Barney,” who claims ignorance. “You’ll have to ask London,” Beckett says, referring to Beckett’s French publisher, Jerome Lindau.

Caldicot does reveal that on his doctor’s last arrival in Paris to treat him, Beckett’s only two living relatives—the brother’s children, Edward and Caroline—are also coming to Paris. Caldicot’s bulletin transforms the gathering at the Lipp into a vigil.

In the anxious days before his death, I heard many stories about Samuel Beckett, a writer often depicted as an enigma and self-sufficient state of literary modernism. Like many, I had assumed that he dwelt in the same barren and hopeless circumstances as the orange and cream who populate his imagination. Even the stark

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WHEN BECKETT SETTLED IN PARIS in 1937, he was thirty-one and already the recipient of a string of unhappy romantic liaisons. The most notorious was his relationship with the eccentrically socialistic daughter of that other notable Irish expatriate who lived in Paris, James Joyce. Beckett’s romance with Lucia Joyce began innocently enough, with the two of them going to cinema films and movies. From the onset, she had her heart set on marriage. Beckett, however, was determined to keep a polite distance, trying neither to hurt the vulnerable Lucia nor distance her financial father. He wanted only Joyce’s inspiration, not Lucia’s lascivious love, and he was forced to reject her marriage. Lucia was eventually institutionalized for schizophrenia, and she continued to be interested with Beckett for years afterward.



Samuel Beckett (19th from left) with the rugby team of the Porters Royal School 1922-23

Several years after the end of this disastrous relationship, he met the woman with whom he would spend the rest of his life. The circumstances that brought them together were unusual. One night in January 1936, he was stabbed in the chest by a pimp who had demanded money from him in his biography of Beckett. Dorothea Bern was then a thirty-year-old, just-out-of-Summer-Durham-Dormitory come-over and helped him to the Hôpital Beaujon. They became further acquainted when she began visiting him in his recuperation.

Dorothea Bern was a single and six years older than Beckett, and by all accounts she possessed an intense personality that Beckett himself lacked. They began living together, and he had demanded money from him in his biography of Beckett. Bern was then a thirty-year-old, just-out-of-Summer-Durham-Dormitory come-over and helped him to the Hôpital Beaujon. They became further acquainted when she began visiting him in his recuperation.

Beckett, still virtually unknown, continued to write, she supported them both by working as a secretary. She was as much his confidante as his lover. “When I first met her,” says Georges Borchardt, an American literary agent who knew the couple, “I thought she was his sister, not his wife.” In fact, many have commented on their physical similarity and Dorothea Bern’s elegant but neutral appearance. Says Borchardt,

Lawrence Bergman’s biography of Irving Berlin, As Thousands Cheer, will be published in July by Viking Penguin.

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In 1938 Beckett was stabbed by a pimp who had demanded money.

photographs of his face—depicting the lean, sunken cheeks, his dark, graying hair graying around—gave him the aspect of a certain monk. But Samuel Beckett Beckett, Desmond Parn, was not simply a somber sage; there was passion and joy and even misanthropy in him. He had as much in common with Dylan Thomas as he did with Saint Francis of Assisi.

"She had an enigmatic, brilliant look."

Just when Beckert's life appeared to be righting itself, the war broke out, and he joined the French Resistance, performing intelligence work. Of eighty members in his network, only twenty survived. Though he was subsequently awarded the Croix de guerre and the Médaille de Résistance, Beckert disappointed his wartime employers. In 1945 he and Deschamps-Dumassat fled occupied Paris for the zones of *libération*, in the Vézère region, where they hid from the Nazis. To keep his sanity, Beckert performed routine farmwork chores and continued to write.

By the end of the war, Beckert was nearly fifty and still alive as a literary figure. But he was now prepared to articulate his uniquely morbid vision: "I shall always be depressed," he said at

the time, "but what comforts me is the assurance that I can now occupy this dark side of the common side of my personal sky. In accepting it, I will make it work for me." Even as a child, Beckert possessed a knack for transforming the grotesque events of everyday life into compelling allegory. "One day Beckert came home and told his mother he had found a shoe," says his sister Rasser. "What's so special about that? But neither wanted to know. 'Well,' he said, 'there's a shoe in it.' It turned out that an IRA bomb had gone off."

After the war ended, Beckert wrote a play in French about two tamps, Vladimir and Lévy (later changed to *Ensemble*). The play began with Ensembles trapped in a futile struggle to remove his boots, he finally gives up, complaining, "Nothing to be done." To which his companion replies, "I'm beginning to come round to that opinion." After four months' work, Beckert finished his tragicomedy in two acts and called it *Ensemble* Godot.

For years, amateur and professional readers, students, and critics have all agreed on the meaning of the enigmatic Godot, for whom the two tramps spend the entire play waiting—and who never appears. To many who know Beckert, the answer to this elusive mystery is plain. Godot is peace and deliverance from the suffering of the war. "To me," says Rasser, "Godot is the story of Sam and Suzanne living together during the war. Like the tramps, they were discouraged and bored out of their minds, just waiting for the fucking war to end."

When the war finally did end, Beckert and Deschamps-Dumassat returned to Paris, where they resumed living together. Some years later, they inspired everyone when they decided to wed. There are various theories as to why. According to Rasser, Beckert felt seriously ill and thought he would die, he married Deschamps-



With his brother, Fritz, and Suzanne (right)

agne, Fritz and Fritz began talking about Beckert as the women's therapist, as if he were a celebrity, an illustration. Beckert hated people talking about him that way. Suddenly he smashed his mug of beer on the table and went apoplectic to cool off. He sat with total strangers for a while, then he eventually came back."

Despite strains in their relationship, Beckert and Deschamps-Dumassat remained devoted to each other when their lives were in peril. In July, for years they lived separate but parallel lives. He had his friends, who mostly spoke English, and she had hers, who mostly spoke French. Indeed, it seemed to Beckert's friends that Suzanne was determined not to learn English. As if to emphasize their independence from each other, they took adjoining apartments on the Boulevard St-Jacques: he on the right, her on the left. Each had a separate entrance, and they were linked at the back by a kitchen. From his window, Beckert had a view of the common yard in Saint germain. It was characteristic of Beckert to have moved to the most glamorous city in the world, only to live in one of its most nondescript neighborhoods.

SINCE IT IS APPARENT that Beckert is too ill to see us, we do the next best thing. We visit the one home where he moved shortly before the death of his wife.

to Suzanne, but very quietly, in England," Calder says. "It suggested Pithouville in sequestered towns in the Southwest, because Beckert had a taste of champagne at Beckert's hotel. Someone there is quoted as saying Beckert, who called me, and I denied it. I find that Beckert is a very common name, it was probably someone else."

The other woman became very annoyed with Calder, because she thought he had put Beckert up to marrying Deschamps-Dumassat. She remained in Paris, and Beckert occasionally saw her. They became, to Beckert's friends' often put it, "very close," even though he disowned her lack of knowing him. He said that one of his most, hard being recognized, hard going to his mother's bedroom, cuts and rearranging and looking over at the museum of Simon or Joyce Beckert's favorite haunts, in contrast, was an English pub, the Fiddlers.

His preference for the comfortable Pithouville and his dislike of luxury small talk marked him as an outsider. In Paris, writing careers revolved around disgruntled critics, and writing itself is often a publicity act. Writers are given to spending an evening in a club with a pack of cigarettes, an espresso, and a manuscript. Even today you can stand at the bar of the very Twentieth-century French literary gathering place of the moment—and see a literary star like Bernard Hulin-Lucy on display.

"The only one I ever saw Beckert lose his temper was at the Pithouville," recalls Rasser. "I was there with Harold Pinter, the playwright, and a translator, Barbara Bray. Pinter has always regarded Beckert as his superior, and had shown many of his plans to Beckert in soon as they were completed, though as far as I know, Beckert did not do the same with Pinter. That's the only one I ever saw Beckert lose his temper was at the Pithouville," recalls Rasser. "I was there with Harold Pinter, the playwright, and a translator, Barbara Bray. Pinter has always regarded Beckert as his superior, and had shown many of his plans to Beckert in soon as they were completed, though as far as I know, Beckert did not do the same with Pinter. That's the only one I ever saw Beckert lose his temper was at the Pithouville," recalls Rasser.

"Godot is the story of Sam and Suzanne living together during the war."

verno-Dumassat to that she would inherit his estate. Another friend has a more outrageous theory. In this version, a woman who was at last with Beckert suddenly moved to Paris to be with her idol. This made Beckert so nervous he decided to go mad.

In any event, he acted in characteristically elusive fashion. "One day Beckert called me up and said he wanted to get married



MONUMENTAL MARGARITAS.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES MAKE IT.



"We are joined on this occasion by Jim Jenson, a fifty-two-year-old Icelandic actor and theater director who has staged many of Beckett's plays in prisons around the world and has recently gotten close to Beckett. Like the rest of us, Jenson has come to Paris in the hope of conferring with his friend and mentor."

The rest home is small, occupying a narrow street in Montmartre that is devoid of visual interest. Approaching the door, Calder and Rosen freeze. "I'm not here," Calder says. "I don't want Sam to read somewhere that I was here in his absence." Jenson and I open the door and walk in, we are followed by Calder and Rosen, who have surprisingly serious set-their-reservations. We enter a small courtyard, where elderly men and women, some of them in wheelchairs, gaze into the distance; their expressions are vacant.

Farther back, we come to a door with a hand-lettered sign beside it reading: "Nette." Since the name is misspelled, I wonder if the management has any idea who their distinguished clientele is. As I peer into the simple, off-kilter room, where only a television and a bed are visible, a young woman walks hastily toward us.

"That is our personal," she says in French. "Who are you?"

It is obvious she knows exactly who Beckett is and that her suspicions about our intentions. It is not clear whether we are, or have, arrived to be here.

"Excuse us," says Calder, "but we are looking for Monsieur Beckett's room."

"Would you please leave immediately?"

"We are friends of his," Calder explains.

"Please leave," she insists, though by now we are halfway to the door and thoroughly irritated by her show of indignation. A mixture of accusations emerging from overtones of sarcasm flows at us like an electric charge.

"The last time I visited Sam here," says Jenson in a high, thin voice as we stand in the same hallway the first time, "I took him for a walk. He had become quite blind, and he walked very, very slowly. It took us an hour just to walk around the block since I knew he was failing. I knew I might not be able to see him again."

AS ANOTHER FAMILIAR EVENING approaches, Rosen, Calder, Jenson, and I take refuge in the last admirably appointed partition of Joseph Beckett, the film director. The living-room windows offer a picturesque view of the Théâtre de l'Odéon, where Jean-Louis Baurand, co-producer of Beckett's productions after the war, while Rosen and Calder slump on the overstuffed leatherette,

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In retirement, with his brother, Frank (1954)

during that period to give Beckett reports on how work was proceeding, even showing the playwright photographs of the set, the actors, and the costumes. Studying the photos, Beckett would critique Jenson's work.

One production of *Quad* that Jenson directed in Sweden was particularly memorable. In that mission, Jenson rehearsed his inmate writers in jail, and the performance was scheduled to be given in a nearby town. Shortly before that curtain rose up, the actors came with advantage of an sudden freedom and escaped—except for one hapless convict, who was caught. Afterward, Jenson, at word, flew to Paris to see Beckett. "I told him what had happened," Jenson says, "and he just hung upon, like this." Jenson imitates Beckett's pained face drawn back in a rictus of pain whenever "He was so scared that

he dropped his thin brown cap as his capricious and laughed at my nervousness. I now know just the next day, and he said he was so scared that he hadn't been able to sleep that night."

During the interlude, in which the San Quentin artists discuss the play, Calder does and Rosen pines the room. Obviously to us all, Jenson continues to talk about the prison productions, the actors, himself. Meanwhile, we are waiting for a phone call concerning Beckett's condition—hoping for a hint that he might recover.

Recovering himself from a nap, Calder tells Jenson about his encounter with *Quad* when it was first produced in London, in 1951. "The first time I saw it, I could take it or leave it, to tell you the truth. But something about it appealed to me, and I went back a second time, and then I loved it. Absolutely loved it. Beckett always had what the director of that production, Peter Hall, did with the play. Later on, he told this all to Alisa Schneider, the American director, and Schneider put it all in his hands. Years later, when Peter Hall, who was now director of the National Theatre, read what Beckett had told Schneider about him, he canceled the Beckett production in honor of his birthday. Not that Beckett cared, mind you. He had nothing to do with the celebration anyway."

There was an extraordinary, extraordinary incident in London. When Peter Hall, who was now director of the National Theatre, read what Beckett had told Schneider about him, he canceled the Beckett production in honor of his birthday. Not that Beckett cared, mind you. He had nothing to do with the celebration anyway."

"Who's Steve McQueen?" Beckett asked. "What does he look like?"

Jenson plays a videotape of a production of *Waiting for Godot* he staged at San Quentin prison in California.

Jenson is a courteous and pleasant man, but when it comes to the subject of Samuel Beckett, he is a fanatic. Jenson was so dedicated in directing a prison production that he would typically spend six months rehearsing and would fly to Paris several times

POUR
MONSIEUR

EAU DE TOILETTE
CONCENTRÉE
SPRAY

CHANEL

POUR
MONSIEUR

It was the original Broadway production of *Waiting for Godot* in 1957 that brought Beckett and Rosset together. The run was not particularly successful, and the play closed after only five-nine performances. However, the production paid the salaries of Rosset, who, several years earlier, had married Grace Fenn with \$2,000 of his own money. He bought the American publishing rights to Gabriel's ten-minute *Quadriga* for a fee that would eventually sell 1.6 million copies—and then went to Paris with his wife to see his new authors. They met at the Hotel Font Royal. "By four A.M.," Rosset recalls, "he was buying an all champagne."

Thus begins a lifelong friendship. Rosset is the hand of publisher who likes to get down with his authors, and Beckett took a keenly interest in his eccentric young American admirer and patron. In 1964, when Rosset was trying to expand his empire into the area of anti-gravity films (remember *I Am Curious... Yellow?*), Beckett wrote a screenplay, *Beckett's* comedy, and he called the result *Fido*.

As a concept, Beckett was something of a case of atavistic development. A devotee of silent comedies and some of the early talkies, he was not so congenial with the film world of 1964. The movie he wanted to make, *Fido*, for example, was legendary silent comedian Buster Keaton. Rosset managed to track down Keaton—and, even more remarkably, to persuade him to take the leading role.

The movie, directed by Alan Schneider, was scheduled to begin shooting in New York, but after Beckett arrived and began walking around his city, causing locations, he was more than impressed by what he saw.

The director of the trip was to be a visit to the New York World's Fair, where Rosset promptly lost his increased author and the thing. Hours later he found Beckett asleep on a bench, clutching some survivors. Soon after, he returned to France, "very relieved to get the hell out of there," as Rosset recalled. The film was completed without him.

Remaining close to his poetic approach to the movie, Beckett never allowed himself to be seduced by the glitz and money of Hollywood, even when he was tempted. There was the time when Steve McQueen contacted Rosset, saying he would pay Beckett anything he wanted for the movie rights to *Waiting for Godot*. After consultation, Rosset decided to ask for half a million dollars. If Beckett agreed, *Waiting for Godot* was up the stairs, back on island, "Who's Steve McQueen? What does he look like?" Rosset decided to ask. Before Beckett made up his mind, word came that Martin Bando was interested as well. Think of it: McQueen and Bando playing Beckett's tramps. There may have

"It was sweet," Barney Rosset recalls. "I took a handful of Valiums."

been odder casting choices to recruit members, but not even Agassi, Beckett said, "What does Martin Bando look like?" And once again, Rosset tried to describe the actor. After a while, Beckett decided that these Hollywood stars could not portray his characters, no matter how much they paid him. By way of explanation, he remarked, "My characters are only shadows."

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Beckett's relationship with the American theater would make sense, however. His plays tended to attract people who had drastic ideas about how his work should be staged. Usually by enacting the modifications and discussions in silence, yet he did not really like his plays to be staged with his presence. Finally ran out in 1974, when Robert Brustein's American Repertory Theatre staged a major revival of Beckett's 1957 play *Quadriga*, under the direction of John Houseman.

Aside from his previous work, Beckett in connection with such productions he had directed in West Germany, at which time he had created some of his most famous work. "He had a clear, measured, direct way of speaking," she said. "His speech was considered, deliberate, beautiful. His pace was handsome and steady, and he was generous with the whole theater company." When she asked for his permission to stage the play, "He said, 'Sure,' and he



One of the last known photographs of Beckett, on the Boulevard St.-Jacques in Paris (1950).

wrote on a napkin, "Permission given," and signed it later, during rehearsals, because into the act and was very charming, very easy to work with." There hadn't been any hint of a problem.

Alaska planned to update *Quadriga* with the addition of music by Philip Glass, an unusual act, and a contemporary setting. But when Rosset heard about the changes, he relayed the news to Beckett, and the playwright responded with an angry telegram to ART. No sooner had Beckett thrown down the gauntlet than Rosset, who strikes a good fight, stated that his freedom of speech was being restricted. As opening night approached, a number of institutions, including Actors' Equity, Harvard University (where the play was being staged), and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were dragged into the controversy to defend ART. Rosset began to feel persecuted: "All the institutions of the state were arrayed against me." Rosset was accused of being a man, because he complained that by casting black actors in

some of the roles, ART had turned *Quadriga* into a play about misrepresentation, which was certainly not Beckett's intention. "I'll have wanted it to be a play about misrepresentation," Rosset recalled Beckett telling him, "I would have written it about misrepresentation."

With laughter ensuing, a deal was struck whereby Beckett's

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some would not appear on the picture without the play, and he would be able to write a program more deserving the production. "He was always until," Brockett complained of the playwrights, "and given to verbal hoarding. As time went on, he just got more and."

However, Brockett was capable of being more unpredictable than Brockett seemed. "If you think of Brockett as being content with *Jesus Christ, Superstar*," Taylor says, "For instance, Brockett unexpectedly created a long-lasting indifference in American wars. The celebrities in this case were Steve Martin and Robin Williams, who planned to play Vladimir and Estragon in a production directed by Mike Nichols at New York's Lincoln Center in 1981.

This new Brockett did give his blessing to the enterprise; his support was all the more surprising because Nichols had added new, very references to terrorism and Hollywood, and an extensive evoking streamer rather than a simple. After the fact, the critic complained that the production was a "popcorn Golem," and *The New Yorker* went even further, insisting that the "Golemized" around all production... turns out to be a big nothing." For his all the carrying was a way of getting back at a play whose lowest case in that divided space, onto.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING for Brockett nearly a week now, and the last hour of his life is growing in the light. It has become slightly apparent to all that this will be their first visit to Paris in thirty years without seeing him. But life goes on, with or without Brockett. The gang convenes for a gourmet meal Sunday lunch at the venerable La Coupole. This capricious restaurant on the Boulevard du Montparnasse is also crisscrossed in literary associations: Joyce, Fitzgerald, Sartre, Hemingway—they all talked, drank, and wrote the night away here, so do these glowering, peckish visitors with their dogs. La Coupole is therefore the heart.

Anne Myers, Brockett's companion, has brought a camera, and she would like to take pictures, but the battery is dead, so her assistant, Rosset disappears without warning, presumably to buy a battery, but returns with a postcard instead. He then tells us of the time he took what he thought was a marvelous series of photographs of Brockett, though he felt slightly guilty for invading the writer's privacy. As he unfolds his camera, the film goes single somehow, and before he knows it, he was taking it apart, chipping at the camera, rapping the film, exposing the mirror of Brockett to the light, raising every last one of them. It's not often

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every obscure cults where he would not be recognized, and where he loved to hang out, drinking and playing billiards.

"Throughout the night, he kept discussing suicide. He was all for it, of course, except it had to avoid being messy and not hurt when it was the victim's life. Trying to think of ways to commit suicide (his way) occupied him for hours. That was so like Sam, to be so self-thinking and considerate." Collier draws a breath, comes on an eyeroll. "That was his existentialist philosophy, you might say. Life is shit, and because of that, we are all obliged to be as considerate as we can to one another. No other animal but man laughs in our own kind."

Rosset says that he did attempt suicide years before, when he was severely depressed. "It was messy, very, very messy." In the experience "I had a few drinks, and I took a handful of Valium. Then I called a few friends. I don't remember what happened after that. I think I went out on the street, where I was found a roommate."

"In my," Collier chafes him, "once you called your friends, it means a serious suicide attempt." The gang assembles Vladimir and Estragon at the conclusion of Golem's suicide intrigues here, but they are too faint of making and enjoying eyes to pull it off. It has been gray and drizzly for days, but now the wind drops and shifts to another three-hour lull, comes to a subside, and. Despite the weather, the city is more alive, sensual and charming than ever, just before Christmas, when the streets have filled and the streets are illuminated with lights. The only thing more and the harmonious holiday bustle in the night of soldiers' march with machine guns, guarding against abandoned serious attacks. As we dash from the metro to Rosset's penthouse in the hip, discolored Hotel Montana, a thunderous noise in the. And thunder during rain ends, and a cool, fresh wind sweeps across the low, gray buildings of Saint Germain-des-Près. Just Jensen, looking haggard and cheery, with dark circles beneath his oval eyes, paws at her. He glances outside, beyond the city balcony. He surveys the low, metallic, watery day that seems to scrape the rooftops of Paris, and after a few moments, he declares: "That noise—Brockett's soul is speaking."

I NEVER DID GET TO SEE Samuel Brockett. Five days later, on December 15, 1976, word came that he died of respiratory failure. It was a wholly Brockett-like death, occurring in a complete secrecy. The name held true for his burial. On the day after Christmas, he was laid to rest in the Cemetery Montparnasse beside his wife. There was a discreet shower of tributes, comments, and self-organizing events to mark the occasion. Outside of his nephews, his loyal girlfriends, and a tiny band of friends, we were found out for days about the death of Samuel Brockett, he slipped away so imperceptibly that his demise lacked the grand finality usually associated with the passing of great men. Even *The New York Times* did not use an obituary for almost a week.

In Brockett's lifetime, death had always been life's last great lesson, and one respects that the writer himself would have chosen at the general confusion surrounding his own death. Secrecy was his last possession, and he guarded it to the end.

The sentiments he expressed in his novel *Whisper One*, about the death of a man of a deeply faith man, are as many ways applicable to his own passing. "Those who have enabled me to live all new will no doubt sorrow that I am buried with a minimum of ceremony. Here he Malou at last, with the dawn to give a final shot of the one he took to be rescued and then to disappear from him his memories, memories in the silent and beyond the grave... Here he a self-do-well, so far under half." ☐

"That storm," says director Jan Jonson, "Beckett's soul is speaking."

that Rosset loses his temper. He's more accustomed to chasing other people crazy, then wondering why they're so angry.

Despite the convivial surroundings, the wine, and the peevish quavering, the mood among the Beckett crowd at La Coupole is morbid. There are two extra seats on our window-side table, and they have been reserved for Jerome Lindon, the French publisher, and Brockett's nephew, Edward.

When it becomes clear that Graham and Edward will not be joining the group, Collier says, "That means that Brockett's death can't have been wanted. They're at the hospital. Brockett probably won't come out of his coma."

Collier mentions that Brockett has long been fascinated with suicide. "Not long after Hemingway shot himself!" Collier says, "I came to visit Sam in Paris. It was a typical visit. We were up all night, and more or less the next morning, drinking and talking about Hemingway. We kept on the move, because Sam knew



HIDDEN

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Michael Kinsley Goes to Hell

Why is the vice, hellbitch,

literate pride of his generation

wasting his time on

some dumbhead talk show?

BY JERRY ADLER

Why did you do it, Michael?

"Well, I'd done some interviews before, you know, and it's always been kind of fun."

Fun? What is this, *Amos 'n' Andy*?

"...make some money, not have to work as hard..."

That's at hand, you mean?

"...I'm a new skill..."

That is a skill? Shaking hands with Pat Buchanan five nights a week with the same band you use to brush your teeth? Keeping a straight face in the middle of a fight between Jesse Hahn and some old lady defending Jim Bakker?

"I did not keep a straight face!"

Trying to come up with an intelligent question for *Jeopardy!* contestants while some nutcase is yelling at your cohost for you to show some concern? You know what you're running into? You're running into "Jade!"

"Exactly! I know how to read a Tele-Prompter! I can run the country now!"

Oh, Michael? How could you?

FROM THE WAY THEY TALK, you'd think Michael Kinsley had looked in a real taboo of some ancient people cult, and it was only a matter of time before God in His weak corner dove and turned him into Andy Rooney. They make it sound like Richard Barten throwing away the chance to become the greater Shakespearean voice of the century—only much, much worse. But this was Michael Kinsley, the brilliant columnist and editor who had turned *The New Republic* into one of the most widely read and talked-about journals of opinion in Washington, and what he was giving that up for was not Elizabeth Taylor, but five nights a week in the voice "Jim the Lib" of CBS's *Crossfire*, where he would sit down with Pat Buchanan, the Mike Dukakis of right-wing journalism.

O FAITHLESS SCRIBE! If writers feel Kinsley's defection especially keenly, it is because it shatters the comforting illusion of journalism as a calling exempt from the vulgar pursuit of celebrity and wealth that has come to characterize almost every other middle-class American profession. As

long as fame and money were remote possibilities for most journalists, it was possible to labor at obscurity and poverty and still feel good, if you were doing good work. But show business, of which journalism is increasingly an adjunct, does not regard such a thing as principled failure. More and more, journalists are measured by the cents and ticks of the talk show. They are valued now not for ideas but for the "chemistry" they bring to a set and the suitability with which they can be slotted into the Washington gossip format of libels, counterlibels, libelous counterlibels, and nasty personalization. For Kinsley to renege this would be depressing. It's like your favorite high school science teacher going on TV to judge last season's

"IT JUST PROVES what I've been saying, Mike. The biggest vacuum in American politics is to the right of George Bush."

"That's the biggest vacuum in American politics is inside the heads of some Republicans."

—*Crossfire*, December 5, 1989

BEERAP RAP RAP RAP BEAT!—the quiz, as perfected on the Washington talk show. American democracy will survive changes like this, but it's hard to imagine how it will be reshaped by them. *Crossfire*—the very name implies political dialogue

was in speaking for the Democratic party while awaiting for his money. GDF's editor, Dennis, one Washington editor said, has walked "with a permanent scowl, not even a faint smile" — either weighed down by the odds, or because he's hiding a deeper anger. His nervousness is not his own; it's the anxiety of his boss, who is not his boss on the street. To acquaintances, Strauss maintained a facade of approachability, claiming that the attack was good for the business of his law firm. But Kennedy is just as happy that their party don't cross. Outside the arena of ideas, or what passes for television television, Kennedy has no stomach for confrontation, and his boss knows to walk out of cocktail parties rather than risk the chance of running into Lloyd C. La, Felix Ballou, or any number of his celebrated targets meeting a head-on.

Defending most Washington social life, Kennedy was a supervisor to the nation of being excluded from it. In a small corner of fellow journalists, supervisors from Ferguson, and people he'd gone to law school with, Kennedy had been the social-darwinist, main-dragging, back-slapping, self-righteous man in Washington. But instead of friends. Yet even among his intimates he was legendary for his organizer with acquires that failed to meet his high standards. He would bring down papers to an early close, with not an error in the first five minutes if they threatened to lose him. He had a rancorous sensibility and an unyielding loneliness that rendered him to some and some others suffering from the same. "As an editor," recalled one writer who had worked for him, and even sets to inform him gently, "he could be brutal. When someone did might say, 'Oh, I think this is what you're trying to say,' Kennedy would write, 'That's crap. Cut it.'"

Kennedy was not openly looking for television work in the summer of 1986, when the Groszberg firm was offered to him. He had been an editor at the Washington Post, then, from 1978 to 1986, and was in charge of the book that would wrap up a half hour of book being by asking the guests to read Michael Grossberg on a scale of one to ten. He then became a regular on *Prime Time*, picking up guests from backlogs on how to keep alive the post of Washington's newspaper will run midlife. Kennedy photographs someone who will, although Kennedy's cardinals were with First Journalism. He said one first, as an independent agent that immediately threatens to break off into a space, and he went down almost daily.

But television was never central to Kennedy's career, the way it has become for, say,

George Will. "Television," he said, "is the only field in which 'value' is in 'No, he's not a problem, he's taken' is in a term of contempt." As James Follins pointed out in a 1986 article, "The New Celebrations of Washington," getting on TV for most journalists is a mission toward an end, the long lecture from Theodore of dollars are a mile for a few hours' work, giving the same speech over and over to conversations of amateur-looking copy-paste or plumbing concerns. The only real acquaintance not to be recognizable from television and plausibly able to ask your manager with a few references to what Washington readers really think about the impact of glasses on acclerated and degradation for wedding equipment. But Kennedy doesn't give interviews. A few years ago he had a bell moment on the wall outside his office, and a high-school-yearbook picture of Robert Navin, whom he considered one of the most experienced and critical of Washington's political back-taken. Despite leaving the office to go on TV or deliver a speech was supposed to be the bell. Sometime in the summer of 1986, the bell disappeared.

But Kennedy was looking for something when CNN called. He had just returned to Washington from six months in England as a

unemployed sympathy with that endeavor. "The only way of so close our mission of opportunity, and it is to mock the subject's potential for experiencing his is a supervisor," he wrote. "Having been through law school myself, I would never forget any fellow student the middle of his class." In fact, if Kennedy had made his office, Kennedy might have accepted a job offer from Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher of Los Angeles. "My attitude was, I'd like to be a journalist, but I'm not prepared to take the risk of making up covering the same legislation somewhere. Even a mediocre career in law, you'll make plenty of money. A mediocre career in journalism, you don't." And he was working hard, every two days. Editing the magazine was a full-time job, writing a TBS column once a week and ran through a year for Time arguably roomed teacher, plus television and the odd book review on time-lapse news. Friends think he began to wonder if he was passing time by he had the admission of some of the most important women in Washington, but so anxious to find him took up jogging. He bought a house in Cherry Chase and a new car. He approached these milestones of adult life in characteristic fashion, through house with space where families from here and going over back issues of *Consumer Reports* to choose a car. "He was going to buy the Toyota Tercel, I think," recalled his friend and New Republic colleague Mickey Knox. "I said, 'You really should drive the Accord before you decide.' And he said, 'No, look at this, the Tercel has more cubic feet per inch of space. It's got a lighter steering wheel.' And I said, 'Well, go drive the car.'"

So when Groszberg's producers called, having quickly decided to drop columnist Tom Ichniowski from the left-wing chair after seven years, Kennedy was surprised. He would get a modest one, but he wouldn't have to work nearly as hard, and he could keep his column. "I told," was what TV would, "he'd always had it, so open." And the main reason, he added, "was I thought it was fun."

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"This is crap. Cut it."

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"Michael, you just like to argue."
—Gossage, October 14, 1998

ANYWAY, KIMLEY TOOK THE JOB. His New Republic colleague Mort Kondracke was "dumbfounded" when Kimley was the one who always made a fuss about bookending. "Kondracke says, 'He was the last person you'd expect to see wearing his precious intellectual flack as an adviser, giving up a job where you really have the opportunity to shape the argument. And on that show in particular. It's pure poison-toss. So far, so combine that you can hardly remember what anyone said. You get into combat and start saying things you don't believe. You lose your sense.'"

Kondracke recognizes a certain irony in his criticizing Kimley this way, because he himself is probably best known to the world as a regular on The McLaughlin Group. But the sentences are in no way comparable. He concedes he needed the money much more than Kimley does. He wasn't the editor of *The New Republic*, but one of five senior editors, and he wouldn't have to give anything up anyway because McLaughlin runs only one day a week. He wanted to be famous, but Kimley ought to be above such considerations. He doesn't need to be recognized on the street. He's Michael Kimley.

There was also ideological criticism. Doug Ireland of *The Village Voice* said he chose "between an outstanding ignorance of both the left and Kimley's long creative system in." True, *The New Republic* under Kimley took some highly uncharacteristic positions, including listening and to the contrary. Ireland tried to Kimley may that said some other things about Margaret Thatcher. Kimley does not think that ought to disqualify him from anything. He told the people at CNN, "If you're a liberal it's someone who never says anything good about a conservative, you're right. I'm not that kind of liberal."

It is this very open-mindedness that has made some liberals despair of Kimley ever becoming the champion they so desperately desire. There is a sentiment that what he actually says on the show is less significant than his mere presence in reinforcing ideas that ought to be banished from the scales of acceptable discourse. One of Pat Buchanan's more idiosyncratic positions is his defense of second-wave New Christians. Of course, even the ACLU has audited that process for Nazis, along with other unpopular minorities. But Buchanan is more or less alone in making Nazis the specific beneficiaries of a civil-liberties crusade. Not

long after Kimley joined the show, he was approached at a party by Maureen Miyashiro, the daughter of the New York senator. She said to him, very calmly, "Mike, I don't see how you can get into a TV partnership with a Nazi apologist." Miyashiro, brassy and provocative, is the kind of woman who makes Kimley uncomfortable, he blushed and turned away.

It does, in fact, take a special kind of fortitude to sit on this show, since it purports to represent an exchange of views between people who in real life wouldn't be caught dead talking to each other, at least not about politics. When you sit in a room where that. When you want to say all about something, you look for people who agree with you. The format of the show encourages combat, and when the format alone is insufficient, the producers have to whip their boys into a frenzy. "They're always screaming at you to get mad, get mad, get mad," says Kimley, somewhat bemused by the demand of someone who never asked more of himself than to get angry. The producers of *Crossfire* since 1998, Rick Davis, was a sports producer for CNN before joining the news side in 1995. He brings the same loud-bragging sensibility to his new responsibilities. "I haven't seen Michael make Pat really mad on the set," Davis said

that gave Kimley pause about taking the job was the likelihood that he would have to sit opposite Norak when Buchanan was out of town. Norak's persona on the show is that of a morning bully and high school apologist. On air show, Norak begins a question to an afternoon-night newscaster with the insulting observation, "I don't know how much you know about politics..."

"Please don't patronize me even if you ask a question," she interrupted mildly, to which Kimley piped up: "They do it to me too."

It did have one purpose to force the collision of the left, the manly legend, and Walter Lippmann. By showing he can spend a half hour opposing Pat Buchanan without once spitting at him by occupying some tragically Cretaceous pitcher whose dogged-if-incorrect facts is no match for Kimley's gibes, suggested by a couple of hours, Kimley, somewhat bemused by the CNN executives had pulled together for him? In introducing his Social Security run-out bill, Senator Pat Buchanan quoted from a column by Kimley that helped to spur the plan. Can anyone imagine a legislative influence growing out of something on the McLaughlin Group (except, perhaps, for a disfigurement of wit)?

Well, who said he had to live Lippmann's morality, anyway—that gray, heavy, rocky thing that is awarded to the columnist who manages to exhibit the most manner in a given column column? Not even Michael Kimley can condemn every choice for an unimpeachable moral, social, and

academic consequences. Kimley has on occasion pronounced himself in favor of the British style of political commentary, in which one states a problem succinctly and then proceeds to a paragraph that begins, "It is perfectly obvious that the following three things must be taken immediately." But he is really much more like Kimley's own tortured presidential endorsement of Michael Dukakis, hedged and wadded, three thousand words of the sort of one hand wringing. And so, ultimately, the essential choice is made.

Kimley now has more of what he wants, including one—a brand was named to be as hard as though he once showed up *The Fabulous Baker Boys*—and the recognition of people who are in the street (although what they really say is, "Hey, didn't I see you in the Pat Buchanan show?") And if he had to give up the opportunity to shape the argument of the 1990s—well, that's the burden of talent. ☐

This, he pointed out, is in discussion to the substance host, Robert Norak, whom he regards as equal to the level of both personality and principle. The one thing

PROFILE

"Mike, I don't see how

you can go into a partnership

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but talk a mouth as one sees Kimley's re-

action. "But I'm sure they're going to see that happening. Viewers like to see it."

The "chemistry" between Kimley and Buchanan is the subject of much editorial analysis at CNN. They have their run of a leading each other's ideas while still supporting one another personally does make for great talk-television. Compared with Biden, "Kimley seems less committed to the philosophy and positions of the Democratic party," Buchanan said. "That enables me to agree with him now and then."

As for Kimley, he never responds for Buchanan's handling on television. "He's a man of principle," Kimley said. "His principles are explicit, although he's personally in congress. He shows signs of thought, even if it's often incredibly wrong."

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FARRAH

Photographs by Kurt Marko.



Those were the days. What did she think of the thousands of jungle-laying, the poster that showed her in a night-lining suit, a shimmering vision of *déshabé* and *dival* work? "I think, Oh, how beautiful people."

In the 2. phase, I wish showed us her lesson, and everybody said, "Oh, what does it want! The house is beautiful, yes!" The first house through the gate was the wronged wife in *Mander in Texas*. The second house through gate—the log, and, really—was the wronged wife in *The Running Bird*. The next breakthrough gate was the wronged wife—well, you know it.

Burton's rules become *goals*, usually the opposite of what is most important in what she's doing. The tables and wendies her teenage. Oh, those symbols! *casualties*! They didn't call it *The Burton* and the *nothing* the *strong* husband got turned into *hardship*. In *Exorcism*, on stage in New York and on the same scene, Burton's *rules* and *nothing* a *quest*. It was in it the *very* getting back in all those *refuge* and *distances* from the *Antic* days.

And yes, you thought, here,
she might encounter a guy, or both,
has her cup, like a not-sportswoman.
She's not standing straight, just a
certain kind of man.

Of course, she had long taste in men in the Seventies, it was Lee Majors, that cut into his skin—her-Dickie Man, a strong, handsome movement in the Eighties, it was Ryan O'Neal, the big's big, the man's thing, the all-around ship on the sales side of life. Now it's how long you thought of yourself, you have you'd be a step on from those others.

Today we still have herb, but now we respect her taste. But just for old time's sake—merely to remind us of the olden and of days we've left behind—do you suppose they ought, do you think she'd be a thing, is it possible she would have on with you linen, one little peek at the old vest case?

I think, well—did we say
something wrong? Fannie, and Fan-
sie, please! Put down that
mash! We were only babies!

Sky and Sand

Blue and white:

Nature paired them first, and

the well-dressed beach bum takes it from there

Photographs by Philip Dixon



White cotton crew-neck sweater by Cossentino. Navy cotton T-shirt by J. Crew. Navy walking shorts by Basky Jones. Watch by Tissot.

Left: Navy-and-white striped cotton jacket by Nautica. White cotton polo by The Gap. Navy cotton walking shorts by Banana Republic. Shown by Billy of Switzerland.



White cotton long
sleeved T-shirt
by Yoji Yamamoto.
Left: White cot-
ton long-sleeved shirt
with navy-and-
white striped collar by
Timberland.





They wear sport
jeffie and easy-on-
white cotton bath
parks by Leleaga.

Left: With an-
ton jeans by Garza?
May cotton pants by
Ranquet Club, Watch
by Brelling.



Navy denim
jacket by Guano?

Left: Cotton
corset by Katharine
Hammett.
Navy cotton polo
and white cat
tee withling shorts
by Giorgio
Armani. Watch by
Patek.



Navy Raymond,
sweatshirt-shoulder
jacket by Jean
Paul Gaultier, White
cotton-and-lycra
shorts by J. Crew.

Left: Navy cot-
ton jacket by Pierre
Cardin, Navy-and-
white striped cotton
T-shirt by Louis
Erd, White nylon shorts
by Timberland.

For store information
see page 188.



HEARTTHROBS

Peggy Sue

*Peggy Sue (Geri) Rockwell
Sacramento, California
Lapsed plumbing contractor,
former, Rapid Rouser
Married to her business partner,
has two children*

How she inspired "Peggy Sue," by Buddy Holly: While at Lab-brook (Strom) High School (class of '55), we're ready with Holly's broad and musical collaborator Jerry Allison, the Crickets' drummer. She moved to Sacramento, but they kept in touch. During a recording session, a song Holly had written for his mom, "Candy Lane," was turned into a love song for Allison's best girl. She lived it for the first time in a performance in Sacramento. "After the show I said hello to Buddy, and then Jerry picked up his suitcase and spent the week-end with me and my family. And during that weekend he proposed, and I accepted." They were married in 1956, devoted mom and a half-pint later.

How the song lives: "At least once a week. There's a song out."

Current husband likes it, too? "He does. It's a real neat guy. It's a chapter in my life—Peggy Sue is my identity. It kind of comes with the package."

"A love so rare and true?" "I think so."

Rumaround Sue

*Sue (Ruthie) Dillmore
Boca Raton, Florida
Real estate saleswoman
Married, has three children*

How she inspired "Rumaround Sue," by Dean: "The greatest dream a young, macho kid from the Bronx in New York City could have was to become a rock 'n' roll star and get the recognition and date any girl he wanted to date. I suppose that's where Dean was in. The way he tells the story is that I didn't even know he existed."

"People let me put you around Sue goes out with other guys?" "I was hanging out of guys, but I was into the movie scene, and was aware of Marlon Brando, James Dean, and Robert Wagner. The first time I heard the song I said, 'Hey, guess, this song's got my name in it.' And my girlfriend told me that Dean said he had written it about me, I guess worked. We've been married for twenty-seven years. And I don't run around any more. Except on the supermarket, the dry cleaner, soccer games, and once in a while, Montmartre's."

Where the Girls Are

If you know Peggy Sue, then you'd know
She's now a plumbing Contractor





Donna

Donna Lee (Lodrig) Fox
Sacramento, California
Account vice-president,
Gold Mortgage Co.
Divorced, two teen children

How she inspired "Donna," by Ritchie Valens: At 16 years, attended a honk-toot party, but her chug got drunk and she ended up talking all night with Raquel Valenzuela, the singer with the band. They met again when Fox was in high school (class of '50) and started dating, but her Go now father forbade her to see her Mexican lover. Didn't really deter her, but it gave her plenty of

prize for looking out windows. "One night Ritchie called and said, 'I wrote a song for you, do you want to hear it?' I said yes, and over the phone he started strumming his guitar and singing, and I cried." They remained sweethearts until he was killed in

the same plane crash that took Buddy Holly's life, in 1959, when she was 18 years.

"Since she left me, I'll never be the same." "I almost had to break it off with him because of my dad. My father used to watch me like a chicken hawk."

"One night Ritchie called and said, 'I wrote a song for you.'"

HEARTYBROS

Cathy's Clown

Catherine (Cae) Kennedy
Northern Florida, artist, married
to a retired attorney,
has two grown sons

How she inspired "Cathy's Clown," by the Everly Brothers: Went steady with Don Everly for two years when they attended West High School, Knoxville, Tennessee (class of '55).

"I do each time I hear the sound of the he comes, that's Cathy's Clown!" "Just before graduation he began dating a girl named Shirley, which got a little stress on her and Cathy's romance. But Don and Cathy saw each other again before they graduated, and parted for the time being, she for college on friendly terms. When the song came out a few years later, she was surprised to hear from a friend of Don's that she had inspired it. "I hate to be remembered as an inspiration, but apparently I was here doing something." Says she did nothing to break his heart or cause anyone to think of him as her "clown." "He did call me once later, from an airport, and asked me to come and see him, but I was unable. And he was married at the time." To Shirley! "No—no Sue."





**SHEENA
ON MEN**

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There's one thing Sheena Fries, 31, men. Especially men who keep their bodies looking young. With a workout that helps prevent the loss of muscle mass and physical decline that comes with life after 30.



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OLDER MAN SITTING on park bench, rocking back and forth, obviously distraught, tears running down his cheeks. Cop on patrol spots old man and walks over. "Foolish me, sir," cop says. "What seems to be the matter?"

"It's my wife," old man moans. "What a woman! She's tender, caring, thoughtful. She's beautiful, the most gorgeous woman you've ever seen. She's young, only twenty-six years old. A terrific cook, she makes all my favorite foods. She loves me, more than Juliet loved Romeo. She takes wonderful care of me, she's rich too, as beautiful. And the sex—you wouldn't believe the sex! Every night, two or three times, wild, passionate sex."

Cop is dumbfounded. "So why are you upset?" he asks. "That sounds great."

"No, no, it's terrible," old man cries, his whole body heaving with sobs. "I can't remember where I live!"

What does this have to do with the way you'll age? Only that every man's internal calendar is determined by his genes, chronological age is not necessarily an indicator of biological age. It's quite possible, in other words, to have the body of a younger man and the looks of an elderly one. Or vice versa. Even more to the point, it's possible to slow down your aging calendar by taking good care of yourself.

How do you measure the age of your various body parts and systems? That's what you'll find out in the following pages. You'll be surprised to see the power and resilience of your lungs. Your heart's response to exertion. Your muscle mass and strength. You'll be encouraged to exercise rather than slothily your arteries, and to keep an accurate count of the number of minutes you exercise in a week. And you'll discover that, just as no two men age at exactly the same rate, neither do two body systems—even if they're inside the same body.

Can you headwink time and retard the aging process? Yes. Not infinitely, but there are things you can do to slow the clock. And there are things you can do to speed yourself up even after time's gotten the best of you. The worst thing you can do, of course, is nothing.



Your heart is forty, your knees are sixty, your hairline is thirty-five—you're all mixed up! You can still do something about how your body is aging, but first you have to know for sure—

HOW OLD ARE YOU REALLY?

By Stefan Bechial and Glen Wagoner

Illustrations by Steven Guarnotta

VISION

IF YOU'RE HOLDING this page at arm's length, you're likely five years old, and you're taking a *Sunday Providence* (from the Lanes for "The golden prize is too small") happens to every man. The loss of your eye starts losing clarity as you're in grade school, and by the time you hit your mid-twenties, it's settled in the point that you can't focus effectively up close. Concurrently, the diameter of your pupil grows mind-bogglingly smaller, allowing less light to reach your retina and making it harder to adapt to changes in illumination. And all this occurs even if you have normal, perfectly healthy eyes to start with.

HOW OLD ARE YOUR EYES?

Twenties-Thirties. In the giddy haze of a Sunday afternoon in kid, you can read box scores held four inches from your nose. Without glasses.

Forties. One day you discover you can't decipher the fine print on what a major-league game, and your arms are suddenly too short to hold a book at a comfortable reading distance. You probably need reading glasses.

Fifties. Walk into a movie theater after the house lights dim and you might never find a seat, much less your wife. Night driving becomes adventuresome. Sunny days at the beach are spent squinting and shielding your eyes and squinting at the wrong blinder.

Sixties. Now it's just a question of reading help up close, but at a distance it's too blurry.

Seventies. Unless World War III is declared or there's a moon landing, you can't read newspaper headlines at closer than forty inches without glasses. Characters (a clouding of the eye's lens) are a clear and present danger, half of us will go blind. You have trouble distinguishing between blues and greens.



Lighten. Chances are, you have more important things to worry about than how you look in glasses.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Contact surgery is successful more than 90 percent of the time—and you can correct your degree of nearsightedness at the first place by wearing sunglasses on bright, sunny days. Annual checkups with an ophthalmologist, from your mid-forties on, make good sense. Other than that, there's not much you can do but hang in and play the cards your genes have dealt you.

HOW OLD ARE YOUR EARS?

Close your eyes (so lipreading allowed) and have someone face you and speak a series of word-like words (quick and snappy, just mad words, or errors) in a normal conversational tone. As your hearing ages, the distance at which you can clearly understand the speaker's words decreases.

Age	Range	Age	Range
20s	40 feet	50s	32 feet
30s	40 feet	60s	32 feet
40s	38 feet	70s	24 feet

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Some clear of heavy-metal music played at mind-blowing volume. (Glee, maybe it's a bit late for that song.) Turn down the volume on your portable cassette player, amplified sound and pop/dance into your ears on headphones can be especially damaging. Take a hint from those guys who guide amplifiers up to the past and wear protective coverings on your ears when you run a power mower or a lawnmower. (Just call for safety decals, anything over that can cause damage.) Finally, there's good news about the onset. Standard hearing aids amplify all sounds, including background noise, but new digital aids can be adapted to amplify only sounds in certain frequency ranges, such as spoken language.

Steven Mitchell is a former associate editor of *Men's Health* magazine and coauthor of *Karaoke, It's True*, published last year by Harper & Row. *Men's Magazine* is a senior writer for *Esquire*.

HAIR

AS A MAN'S HAIR begins to thin, they think. As follicles shrink, the diameter of each new growing hair shaft narrows. Once the shaft is as thin as around forty microns—down from eighty microns when you were in your twenties—it also begins to come in shorter. And that's the best-case scenario. If you're among the 15 to 30 percent of men destined to experience Male Pattern Baldness, a trait you can inherit from either your father or your mother, the hair-thinning is probably already on your pillow. For you, the loss of a few inches would be good news!

HOW OLD IS YOUR HAIR?

Twenties. Your hair is as thick and lusty as it ever will be.

Thirties. Thirty out of 100 men first notice a touch (or more) of gray. Almost as many begin to show the first signs of MPB: recession of the hairline at the temples, thinning on the crown. Nearly all men, MPB combats or not, show some hereditary pattern.

Forties. You switch barber because your hair doesn't hang as shape as well as it used to. Waning color. Bane: the decline in hair-shaft size. Nearly 40 percent of forty-year-olds must have some degree of MPB.

Fifties. Thinner still. Fully half of all men have MPB. Now playing: *Recessing Hairline When the Block's Cap*.

Sixties. Sixty percent of all men now have some degree of MPB.

Seventies. Ask for your senior-citizen discount at the barbering.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Within ten years "antiandrogenic" drugs that will block the action of baldness-causing hormones should be on the market. For now, Minoxidil, the hair-renewing prescription drug, costs about \$500 a year and usually works for about 25 to 30 percent of balding men also being treated. Minoxidil in combination with minoxidil (sold as KATAS A, the over-the-counter) to slow MPB by retarding the aging of the hair follicle itself.



SKIN

WHAT HAPPENS HERE is that your skin loses elasticity as it ages—skin cells lose moisture over time, as subcutaneous glands, which lubricate the skin surface, shut back production. What that means is that your skin may have been right when they warned that your mug would freeze into whatever twisted face you were pulling—they were just about fifty years off! The lines on a middle-aged man's face are etched by repeated facial expressions. That's why a grumpy man will have deeper furrows on his forehead, a puffy man more wrinkles at the corners of his mouth and his eyes. The loss of elasticity as you age makes your skin seem too large for your body, espe-

cially in places like the jawline, where the bone is shrinking away.

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?

Twenties. No wrinkles, no mores. Skin is shiny, smooth, a little oily. Maybe a few tiny lines near your adolescence.

Thirties. Horizontal lines make their debut on your forehead. Congenital creases up for good. Sculp manufacturers lose out, as you don't have to disguise daily appearance.

Forties. Two vertical, arch long from nose begins to form between eyebrows. Puffiness under the eyes, and not just after a night on the town. Skin under jaw and neck begins to loosen. Deepening of "incredibly lost"—the straight crease running from corners of nose to corners of mouth.

Fifties. Nasal skin starts to wrinkle before mouth or eye to prove, don't know how you're made. Neck skin becomes noticeably loose. Thick skin of subcutaneous fat rolls away, making wrinkles more noticeable. Karaoke drops a little. Top of nose becomes more bulbous, giving you a W. C. Fields impression on new subway.

Sixties. Forearms wrinkling. First skin on forearms and it retreats the neck.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Heavy plastic surgeons, noting that men represent a growth industry, offer collagen injections to reduce facial wrinkles for six months in a year (\$1,000-\$2,000), surgery to reduce sagging neck skin (\$5,000-\$6,000), deep chemical peels to remove an entire layer of facial skin (\$5,000-\$6,000), and injected under-skin neck muscles. Better to stay young, because exercise stimulates dermal circulation and helps keep skin young. Avoid smoking, because it does exactly the opposite. Topical night lotions exfoliate loss of skin's elasticity, so don't shed more than a pound's worth. But most important, protect your skin from the sun. Skin protected from the sun won't show direct signs of deterioration until after the age of seventy, when not protected will begin to show wrinkles at age thirty.

HOW OLD ARE YOU REALLY?

eyes (for example, cataracts in spoken speech), and finally the lower frequency. A steady diet of full-fat milk 'n' roll only accelerates the pace.

BONES

THE BONE-RENEWAL CYCLE, in which old cells are sloughed off into the bloodstream and new ones are absorbed to build new bone, takes two to three

HOW OLD ARE YOU REALLY?

HOW OLD ARE YOUR JOINTS?

Twenties-Thirties. Complaint-free range of motion, in knees, elbows, hips, and shoulders. You can still daydream about trying out for the Olympics as a gymnast.

Forties. When you squat, your knees no longer creaks your hips. You have a little stiffness at knees and hips, a little pain when you climb stairs. Nothing serious. You figure it will go away, and it does. For now.

Fifties. Unexplained pains in hands and feet. More stiff necks than ever before.

Raising your arms over your head isn't as quick and easy as it used to be.

Sixties. Chondritis, caused by a lifetime of wear on the joints, makes your knees and hips. The most pounding you give your joints daily—say, by being

overweight—the more aches and pains you can count on now.

Seventies. Degeneration of intervertebral disks causes your spine to grow stiff.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Joint replacement (knees, hips, elbows, ankles, shoulders, wrists, and the small joints of the hands and feet) is still hot news, with ongoing improvement in bone cements and bone alloys. But new

joints have to be replaced every five to ten years, and it's still not quite as simple as changing an oil filter. On the horizon: improved arthritic medications, based on last year's discovery of the protein that switches off joint inflammation. But there's a lot you can do to shade-proof your skeleton. Follow a regimen of moderate, weight-bearing exercise—walking is best—because bone, like muscle, grows strong in response to carefully regulated stress. Don't volun-

teer for the fine-space colony, as weightlessness causes bone loss.

MUSCLES

MUSCLE STRENGTH PEAKS at around thirty, declines slowly until fifty, then begins dropping off fairly rapidly.

By sixty, you'll be the underdog in a one-wrestling contest with a twelve-year-old. Muscle men also declines with age, as muscle fibers are eventually replaced by fat. One consolation: An seventy-year-old is a lot better than the muscle-bound guy who used to look good in your face down at the beach.

HOW OLD ARE YOUR MUSCLES?

A fit man thirty years of age ought to keep the abdominal muscle power and endurance to do forty-five sit-ups in one minute. (The lady let up: Rest knees, heels twice to eight inches under feet, back tucked, arms folded across chest, feet hooked under a piece of furniture or held down by a companion, left body forward and arms touch thighs.)

Age	Sit-ups in One Minute
20s	40-50
30s	40-48
40s	35-48
50s	25-35
60s	15-25

To test the age of the muscles in your upper body, see how many military push-ups you can do in one minute:

Age	Push-ups in One Minute
20s	40-50
30s	40-48
40s	35-48
50s	25-35
60s	15-25

This is one area where you can do a pretty good job of stalling the aging process, with regular strength-building and aerobic workouts. The key is starting now and sticking to it. Muscle tissue is a storehouse for glycogen, the stuff the body uses for fuel, which means that the longer you wait to maintain muscle mass in structured exercise.

TEETH

IF YOU CLOSE WITH bone-age test, if your mother had good teeth, and if you let a dental hygienist with loose but real spectrum brushes scrape your teeth with a sharp metal tool every six months or so for the next three decades, there's a pretty good chance that, well into your seventies, your teeth and gums will be every bit as healthy as those of a twenty-year-old.

HOW OLD ARE YOUR TEETH?

Age	Average No. of Fillings	Missing Teeth
20s	1.1	1
30s	1.8	2
40s	2.8	4
50s	2.9	8
60s	2.7	11

"The lower number is not a sign of widespread caries," says Dr. John J. Eick. "It's just a sign of aging teeth with the average tooth."

WHAT YOU CAN DO

You know the drill: Eat, that is, the sugary treats with fluoride toothpaste, floss, get your teeth cleaned, stay pretty. Use the new high-powered oral rinses, even though they're nowhere near as good at preventing plaque build-up as they claim. Buy and try every plaque-fighting dentifrice and brushing machine that comes on the market. Do anything to avoid learning what a periodontist actually does.

DIGESTION

COMPARED WITH THE REST of your body, your digestive system isn't much affected by aging. You tolerate less. Your stomach produces less acid. You

but it's not. From now on, it happens every now. You don't know exactly what, if anything, is hard to do with digestion. But you do know this: It's a crying good chance.

Forties. You feel fuller than you once did after a big meal. That's because intake is going down and production is going down. Production is down down stomach emptying.

Fifties. More frequent attacks of heartburn, and incontinence of which you naturally mistake for the big one. The actual culprit: reduced muscle action in the esophagus.

Sixties. More frequent constipation. Your bladder does shrink at you age, but that's not the reason. The source of the problem starts with the de-

ad 7-week (see box on page 133)

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Stay physically active. Complete your evening meal at least three hours before going to sleep. Gradually pick up the amount of fiber in your diet to world class numbers—thirty to thirty-five grams a day. Soluble and insoluble, combined and otherwise, whole-grained and unrefined, pure about anything grows instead of meat. Fiber is your digestive system's best friend. It's been found in water. Drink more than any normal person really wants, at least two quarts a day, and preferably three.



WEIGHT

WEARING FORTY AND fretting about the three pounds you've put on since getting out of college? Don't worry—experts say a weight gain of about a pound a year between twenty and fifty is an indication of good health and longevity. More than that, and you're courting all kinds of trouble, from problems with your joints to diabetes to a heart attack—particularly if the fat has collected in your waistline rather than in your legs and butt. At your age, your height changes, too. Between forty and seventy five, bone loss and sagging posture strike every so often.

**HOW
OLD
ARE
YOU
REALLY?**

HOW OLD IS YOUR WEIGHT?

The chart below lists the maximum weight (based on age and height) that should be interpreted as a warning sign. For example, if you're six feet tall, thirty-seven years old, and weigh in at 245, it's time to start clipping excess.

Age	5'4"	5'6"	5'8"	5'10"	6'0"	6'2"	6'4"	6'6"	6'8"	6'10"	7'0"
18	131	137	143	149	155	161	167	173	179	185	191
20	140	146	152	158	164	170	176	182	188	194	200
25	144	150	156	162	168	174	180	186	192	198	204
30	148	154	160	166	172	178	184	190	196	202	208
35	152	158	164	170	176	182	188	194	200	206	212
40	156	162	168	174	180	186	192	198	204	210	216
45	160	166	172	178	184	190	196	202	208	214	220
50	164	170	176	182	188	194	200	206	212	218	224
55	168	174	180	186	192	198	204	210	216	222	228
60	172	178	184	190	196	202	208	214	220	226	232
65	176	182	188	194	200	206	212	218	224	230	236
70	180	186	192	198	204	210	216	222	228	234	240

Adapted from the Committee to Assess Chronic Disease Risk by Age and Weight (National Academy of Medicine).

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Not only does being overweight threaten your health and make you age faster, it also plays ball with your waistline. There's not much you can do about your height, except stand on tiptoe. But how much you weigh is up to you.



After buying some dress shoes, can you still afford to get dressed?

If you're paying so much to dress up below the waist, it affects what you can wear above them.

then we have several solutions. They're called Dexter dress shoes. Footwear that provides what you want in a shoe—

the finest materials and workmanship—without taking on precisely what you don't want. A guarantee on the cash register.



The Royals and the Pits, part of the Dexter Contemporary Dress Collection, priced about \$70 a pair



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See Reader Service Card after p. 426

THE FINAL EXAM

A quiz to tell you how long you'll live

THE MOST IMPORTANT thing, of course, is how long you live, but how you live. Right? Sure. Look, what good is being Mellow if you don't live to see your as-told-to autobiography made into a movie? So, everybody grab a pencil. Aren't you dying to know your bottom line?

1. If you're a whole male, start with the number seventy. Any other male, start with sixty-five.
2. If you live in a city with a population over two million, subtract five. If home is a town less than ten thousand, or if you live on a farm, add two.
3. Add two if a grandparent lived to age eighty-five. If all four grandparents are eighty, add one. If either parent died of a heart attack or stroke before fifty, subtract four. If a sibling under fifty has (or had) cancer or a heart condition, or suffered diabetes since childhood, subtract three.
4. If you finished college, add one. If you have a graduate or professional degree, add two more, but if all this education has led you to earn more than \$35,000 a year, subtract two or on account of the accompanying stress.

HOW OLD ARE YOU REALLY?

5. If you live with a spouse or a friend, add five. If not, subtract one point for every decade lived alone since age twenty-five.
6. If you're a desk socky, subtract three. If you work up a sweat on the job, add three. If you are sixty-five or over and still gunkily employed, add three.
7. If you exercise seriously for thirty minutes, five times a week

(judo, tennis, running, cross-country, power walking, or whatever it takes to get your pulse cooking at 125 beats per minute), add four. Two or three workouts a week, add two.

8. Are you mean, aggressive, or badly angry? Subtract three. Easy-going, laid-back, and relaxed types, add three.

9. If you smoke more than two packs a day, subtract eight and make sure your will is an order. One to two packs? Subtract six. One half to one? Subtract three.

10. Subtract one if you had a spending racket in the last year.

11. Drink more than one shot of liquor a day? Subtract one.

12. Fifty or more pounds overweight and you can subtract eight. Between thirty and fifty, subtract four. Ten to thirty, subtract two.

13. Add two if you've ever dilly-dally around clinics.

14. Finally, if you're between thirty and forty, add two. Between forty and fifty, add three. Between fifty and seventy, add four. If you are over eighty and rock that que without help, tell us your score.

NOW TAKE A long, hard look at the number you've come up with, because that's your good estimate of your current life expectancy. Of course, this isn't a magical score to explain the factors that determine your longevity (or lack thereof) thus to ensure your days. This one is adjusted from

Lefton, a book by Robert E. Adair, M.D., with Wesley Luke/Appleton Books, a division of Prentice-Hall, Inc. ☐



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ORIGINAL

Does he really think he
can make a come-
back, or has he just
been marinating
in chlorine too long?
Our man in the
pool, Rodding Carter IV,
does a few laps in
search of the answer

The Further Wet Dreams of **MARK SPITZ**

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has with shaving.

But then I started shaving."

"Why do you think he's doing it?"
"Well, usually," Schulzinger said, "I've
heard he has a lot of older-person's
weight coming out."
I was incredulous.

"That's what I heard," he insisted.
Could a bearded man of a mid-40s
age, Spitz decide to make Mark a
bearded Olympic? Evidently, after
receiving his state distribution by
being nightswimming for a forty-two-year-
old but not quite making it to the
Olympics!

I asked Herman Weiner, Spitz's father-
in-law, about the excessive equipment.
"Yes," he said. "We were called on that,
but nothing has happened yet. I want to be
sure it is a solid company first. But they
called after he started swimming."

Herman Weiner also happens to be
Mark's public-relations man. It is Weiner
who created the "new" Mark Spitz. In the
mid-70s, when the Spitz acting career
started, Weiner and Spitz began a pub-
licity company, where Spitz will work to-
day. They had a lot of talk, and Weiner
once told Spitz, "You used to be a venal
reck."

And according to Weiner, "Mark in-
stead and learned." He became a successful
businessman, took up sailing, had a son.
He had one side of a hallway with his
regime corner, draped his life-size photo
on the opposite wall, and deposited his
Olympic medals in a vault. Swimming was
only a half-way paid hobby and an occa-
sional appearance on a television sports
program.

That one fateful day about a year ago, it
happened. At a pool somewhere in Califor-
nia Mark who had a heavy dose of chlorine.
His swimming (faded) and, weakened,
Mark began talking about putting on the
old red, white, and blue swimming suit one
more time. Herman and Spitz, Mark's wife,
thought it was ridiculous, but they went too
late. The Chlorine Effect had melted an-
other victim.

"I know what I want to do," Mark told
me, "but I can't tell you. If I can do it, I will
be mind-boggling."

"What can you tell me?"

"Well...my goal is to set the world
record in the 100 fly." At that time the
world record was two seconds faster than
his 1974 standard, and there's a race in a
week which is a record in a year's time.
By the time you read this, some sev-
enteen-year-old will have dropped in
another couple of inches.

"Well, what new technology are you go-
ing to use?" I asked. "Lacoste towel, Swam
Beach, buckets?"

"None. I don't believe in that stuff," he

said.

I began to smell chlorine everywhere. I
checked myself first, smiling under my
nose. It wasn't me.

Mark didn't notice, but a Chlorine Ef-
fect Area (CEA) began to enclose him. The
more he spoke about his swimming future,
the stronger the CEA grew. When it came
out that he might be going for at least four
medals in Barcelona, I could hardly see him
through the acid haze that had risen be-
tween us.

As Mark continued to explain himself,
my thoughts drifted back to our visit to the
UCLA pool. He had looked good in the
water for a thirty-nine-year-old. The water
didn't slide off of him as much as it rolled
under his body, stretching for holes and
pockets to fill—stretching how much like
the ocean does an old punk on his last swim-
mer. While the younger swimmers in his
lane completed more than 3.5 miles, he
managed only 2.5. Mark even escaped to
the bathroom twice during a difficult set.
All in all, he reminded some of the guys I
saw work in colleges—a little overweight
and lousy, but talented.

I had trained nearly six weeks in prepa-
ration for our encounter, beginning the
very day I heard Spitz was back in the wa-
ter. I had also read *River of the Olympi-
ans*, paying particular attention to the final
passage. "It isn't more skill or physical
strength that wins Olympic medals. But it
is the closer in size that talent, sometimes to
the favor of great odds, that makes heroes of
the Olympics."

That's why Frankie Franklin beat me,
and why I had thought Mark Spitz would
be the very first forty-two-year-old ever to
return to a grid medal in the Olympics. I've
always believed in that passage. With the
right combination, Spitz would win again,
and good (despite in a warty house) would
trump over evil (great odds).

But then, standing on the pool's edge
with an all-too-momentary run sitting over
the Pacific Ocean, I watched my childhood
hero swim, slipping laps during a long-dis-
tance race.

A few minutes later his coach, who had
not been watching, walked to his lane and
asked everyone if they'd completed the
entire set. Mark glanced up, his dark goggles
sliding his eyes. I caught my breath, hap-
ping this thirty-nine-year-old man would
say, "Oh, you know, I'm just taking a rest,
doing what I can. I didn't finish it all, but
don't worry. It'll come." Then I'd return
home and deliver myself all night to the
world, then 1992 would be the year of Car-
ter Foster, the Flying Fish, and a true
Olympic hero. But Mark had his own
world to live in. Did he mean the entire set?
He answered, "Yep." B

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The Ecquise Express Twunder

weirdly wonderful as an endorser, and most Torontoans, arriving after "workweek" and tax. Even if you don't say her, drop by and see the cunning, 1000-style corridor, the family, like cosmic lighting over the reception desk, and the nearby "bureau" show their up-to-date of the following image. "World-class" as Peter Street South, 340 2100 Sora-Spis.

The Weather. With its mere whiff of spring and brief gust of life, Toronto has, really, only two seasons: summer and winter, which means it is either a smotheringly humid 30 degrees or a fast flying 1000 frosty. Keep in mind that Canadians use the Celsius thermometer. So, if the weatherman says it's 30 degrees, find an outdoor cafe on Queen Street and quaff a Molson. Ex, if he says it's 30, it's 30 and good around in your head.

Language. It's a common misconception among Americans that all Canadians speak some French. Misinformation, they don't. Toronto is predominantly English speaking. Differences do exist between Canadian and American English. To wit: the pronunciation of out and about (Canadians say "oot" and "about"), the interrogative "eh?" which they add for emphasis or as a statement of fact (i.e., "I'm going skating, eh?"), and, of course, the beloved use of "blaise," "thank you," and "bless me."

Business. You Canadians are exceedingly well measured, low shelling, and polite. But don't remark on this—they'll be sure it's an American per diem law (see The Civic Psyche). Examples of Canadian courtesy-obeying politeness (which you'll do well to mimic) include:

- Keeping your voice down in public places, restaurants, elevators, subways. British reserve permeates.
- Never speak on a red light (if you must, check first for go-for-cars. Fine. But).
- Don't protest the information on a 90 AM "last call" in bars. That's just the way Torontoans, with its passive roots, who, as always will be.
- Remember the government-enforced closing of most shops on Sunday except on designated "designated areas," like Chinatown and Queen's Quay, which is meant to encourage Toronto's Chinese to worship their God, and for others to spend quality time with their families.

Good Food Guaranteed. THE LAST THING YOU WANT TO DO ON A TRIP IS TRIP IT WASTE A MEAL.

Entirely. This is where every Torontoan will send you for the bureau, help check dining experience. It's got it all: a professionally beautiful glass of

dining room, which, with as many stacked plates, big ribs, fresh salads, and cold table linen, could be sure you're in a dining room in the back of a truck—even when the weather is doing something inoperably Canadian outside. Chef Alan Berman serves up delicious lobster with mussels of sea urchin, and simple but exquisite fresh salmon with lime and herb sauce. And dig the connoisseur with quail eggs. Reserve a Glasshouse Suite, 500 Bayview, 700-7000.

Good Food Guaranteed. Well, heeded an open eye about this "out of the way gem," but so do usually shared corner pits and narrow food fest tables. All speak with one of work-hour Lee's daily focus was nearby Kensington Market and Chinatown, where he accepts ingredients for his unique "Toronto-style" cuisine. No point eating dishes, but a corner restaurant. Decor is minimalist, with minimalist, just receive tables covering between challenging telegraphs or work with. Very Toronto chic is an open-minded understanding, yet there is nothing understood about the bill, which can double

THE CIVIC PSYCHE

NEW AMERICANS understand the extreme responsibility they shoulder when visiting Toronto. The locals are a slightly, schizophrenic bunch, at once taking after U.S. norms, yet meaning that back. For the Yankee concerned not to ruble feathers, this can mean a delicate balancing act, appearing interested, even interested, by things Torontoan, but not so much as to seem patronizing. Here are some of the best Toronto "helpfully" samples. (Bear those pointers to mind.)

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T APPEAR THICKER TO LEARN ARE CANADIAN IN ORIGIN

- (1) The space shuttle's robot arm. (2) Laura Michaels. (3) Peter Jennings. (4) Battery Park City.

AVOID COMPLIMENTS THAT TORONTONIANS MIGHT TAKE AS SURVEILLANCE EXAMPLES

- YOU SAY:** "What a clean city!"
In response: "You are an extreme, repetitive wage."
- TORONTONIANS REAR:** "You are an extreme, repetitive wage."

"I felt so safe walking the streets at night!"
Toronto is a sleepy paradise of business without the distraction of vibrant crime.

"Everyone is so nice!"
Torontoans are simple.

and then figures for two. Dinner only. Reservations a must at "Toronto's Secret," 500-7000. **Beige Star.** Upscale Vancouver food with a French twist, served in a very becoming hardwood room. Best bars are the cheap with floor-to-ceiling wall of stone, brick, and vinyl tiles wrapped in not-very-and-dog food, alongside the chicken broiler with your vegetables and cranberry, garlicky shrimp. And don't be misled away by the relatively low prices. Reservations recommended. A Collier Suite, 500-7000.

Gift Warehouse. It's a bargain, householders' abundance of can-seen food sampling, ready-made dishes, and huge Oriental area. It's across the best table at most hotel and snack in town—and it's also the only place in Toronto that boasts both Yorkshire pudding and kosher dishes. For last decision, "Toronto's E.P. Market" has items to the face of Jewish's Anglican deacons. Though

John Colapinto: is a native Torontoan now (see Toronto now) from New York City.

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A GUIDE TO JOURNALS THAT ARE MEASURED IN PAGES, NOT WEEKS

TORONTO

BY JOHN COLAPINTO

Finding a Hotel

CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED
PLACES IN THE CITY
THAT DON'T SLEEP

The King Edward. Opened in 1901, this elegant Victorian pile somehow survived the orgy of demolitions that since the 1950s has ruthlessly obliterated Toronto's historic French room. Ruddyard Kipling slept here, and you might believe he still does, when you see the lobby's color-coded terraces, which sport an opulent marble pillar in a skylight eight feet above. Newly renovated guest rooms lack the period flavor of the rest of the place, but the card audio, you can't do better in a midsize downtown hotel. Address: 37 King Street East; telephone: 416-593-9700; Cost: U.S. \$100-140.

Windsor Arms. A 1900s apartment house, now a five-story, mixed hotel, on a secluded midtown side street. The wife of the hotel's original owner accrued unique markers worldwide to furnish the eight- and nine-room suites. A spot on English tea is served only in the front lounge. The hotel's glitzy-in-Casualty Cafe is where Canada's version of celebrities (Gordon Pinsen, Carole Pope, Al Waxman) prefer to discuss money, food, and second deals. 44 St. Thomas Street, 205-2367. \$100-140. **Four Seasons.** Along with Complex houses and Paul Young, the Four Seasons is one of those Canadian institutions that always end with the breathless proclamation, "And they're big in the States!" This is the Ritz hotel, with its already situated in the



heart of Yorkville, one of Toronto's most exclusive shopping neighborhoods. In restaurant, Trullo, is highly regarded by many, and some might say it's a sign that the hotel's atmosphere is better than the Windsor Arms' hotel for the business guest, since there can be equipped with computer, modem, and fax. 41 Avenue Road, 914-9411. 3000-51,510. **The Westin Harbour Castle.** Recommended for its location, on the tip of Lake Ontario, and proximity to the various waterfront tourist attractions, including Queen's Quay Terminal, for some serious shopping and shopping.

The hotel's luxurious area is a class corporate in feel, but the place is not without some historical interest. The first of now being called moneyman Robert Campbell's big real estate empire, it was also the site of the "Bulling Season" in famous midtown with three-power minister Trudeau's wife, not to mention the "Kiel" Richards bar for heron possession by the Mounties, who only do Always Get Their Man. 4 Harbour Square, 416-593-5145-5146.

SkyDome. Completed last June at a cost of half a billion dollars, "The Dome" is not only the planet's largest retractable-roof sports stadium, it's also a hotel. Seventy of its 548 guest rooms have picture windows over looking the field. If you're lucky, a Blue Jays game will be in progress. Lou Luddy, a Canadian football league game. Filling that, one of the scheduled moon-truck shows. Weird, but also

JAMIE SINNETT



"He's not pucky. He told someone he wanted to go to bed with me to see what I'm really like."

—LIZ SMITH

FORMER MODEL: He went to high school with my parents, as did all my life I'd heard of him. I was during Patrick's college, his friends, at the time, and one night in Washington, we went to dinner with Warren. He wore these tinted glasses, I guess to hide the crow's feet. Anyway, we had a nice dinner and then the waiters came and asked if we wanted dessert. The choice was chocolate or vanilla ice cream. I said I wanted both. I could sense Warren staring at me—he has those eyes, he just looks right through you. The next day Patrick went out of town and Warren called me. Patrick knew Warren knew me, his girlfriend. Warren started talking about the ice cream, how I wanted both. He said, "You like to try everything. Have you ever kissed a woman? Do you want me? It will be my present to you." This is all about ordering both kinds of ice cream!

Anyway, I agreed to see him. I was at home waiting for him when he called from his car phone and said, "I'm a half mile from your house. Take off your underwear." Then he hung up. Then the phone rang again. "Four blocks from your house, take off your blouse." He would do this in a very hypnotic voice. "Now, I want you to go downstairs and unlock the door. Then I want you to lie on your bed and wait for me to come and make love to you." He was trying to put me in a trance. I thought I was going to have an anxiety attack. I did what he said, and I was lying there thinking, Oh my God, this is scary. He came in the door and we made love. He didn't have an orgasm. He was very careful. I remember he washed his hands a lot. He's almost like the guy in sex, lies, and videotape. He gets to know women intimately, and plays right into them. He literally read me like a book. He knows a woman's body better than most women. He can pinpoint the day of your cycle. A few days later, he sent me to a gynecologist for a checkup and paid for it. He even called from his car phone on the New Jersey Turnpike to find out the results. He's really into women.

He's also into the idea of seduction. He's into all aspects of sex. He once said to me, "If you masturbate, I'll speak to you." Everything he has in living out his sexual life comes. Everything in Warren's world has to do with sex, everything is a matter of seduction. As a lover, he was confident, he went all night without stopping. One night we made love for four hours and he never came. He'd get up and walk around like a zombie and then come back to bed. I remember we had sex in the guest room. He wouldn't sleep in Patrick's room. He said, "I'll take his woman, but not his bed." Afterward, I felt that he had opened up all sorts of possibilities. I felt completely seduced. I remember writing in my journal, "I've been Warrenized." It's like belonging to a club. I'm keeping company with some amazing women. The fact that he found me attractive is pretty funny.

One night, on the way to dinner, his limousine was stuck in traffic on the highway. When they finally got out of all my doubts and fears, I went to Los Angeles and saw his house. It's all white and glass. There's a big black piano in the living room. On his coffee table were all the magazines covered with Isabelle Adjani on them. Oh, and bottles of Evian on every table. He only drinks club soda. He also has a ranch house in the basement, like the White House. I remember the chance lounge by his pool was a terrible one. We went skinny-dipping. It was out of control. The man never. I guess he's kind of obsessive. He's constantly

Stephanie Mandfield, an actor from The Washington Post, is writing a biography of Davis. Duke: This is her first article for *Esquire*.

on the phone. He wants every day, he has a gym in his house and a training bed. He told me, "I used to want to be president, but that is better than Washington. I have more power, and I don't have to put up with the bureaucracy. I'm the president of Hollywood."

It lasted for a while, but then it got to be creepy. He would call my office and leave messages, saying it was Frank Sinatra. It got kind of obsessive. You know how I got rid of him? Turned him on to another girl.

JUDITH RAZICHAL, journalist and independent filmmaker: A mutual friend of ours thought we'd be perfect for each other. He said, "Warren would just love you." So I was sitting there at work in the Associated Press in New York one day and the phone rang. "This is Warren Beatty," he said. My heart flipped. At that moment he was the most desirable man in the world. He was working on *Rush* and suggested I come out to Los Angeles to see him. I told him I was going to Japan. He said, "Come to L.A. first and then go to Japan the next day." I flew out there and that huge limousine came to the airport and took me to his home on Malibu and Drive. David on a dress and heels and pearls, very New York classier woman. His Asian servant greeted me at the door. Inside, the dining-room table was set for two. There were flowers and candles. Suddenly the bedroom doors opened and he came into the room. He looked adorable, his hair was still wet from the shower. But then he took one look at me and his face left. It was the most painful moment. He wasn't as tall as me! Now everyone's into six-foot linebackers. We sat and sat, and I think he found me interesting but not sexually desirable. I remember he kept getting up to answer the phone. It was Diane Keaton, she must have called every twenty minutes. In the end, before his car took me to my hotel, he gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, "Jack Nicholson would just adore you."

LIZ SMITH, gossip columnist: He's not pucky. He told someone he wanted to go to bed with me to see what I'm really like.

SUSAN STRASSBERG, actress, in *Shogun*, an autobiography: I bumped into Inger Stevens in a club. . . . She was with Warren Beatty. . . . He was wearing a beautifully tailored Italian wool suit, a little heavy for the warm weather. . . . We hit it off, and the next day he showed up with me for the sequel of his women. . . . We spent one strange evening at director Lucchino Visconti's opulent mansion. . . . He seemed enchanted by Warren and ignored his young men to seductively focus on him. Needless to say, I felt a little left out on it. Warren whispered to me, "I'm going to the bathroom. Follow me in a few minutes. . . . In the hallway, I heard Warren's voice. . . . He pulled his limousine and locked the door. . . . When we were in here, Warren?"

"Let me show you."

I began to laugh. "Warren, isn't it a little close for that to be here?"

"No, no," he leered. "It's not. You'll see."

When we returned to the living room twenty minutes later, we were greeted by six pairs of hostile eyes. To my embarrassment, I realized my blouse was still unbuttoned. I wasn't quite sure how to act, but Warren beamed at me and all an exulting, vigorous smile.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE, actress, in *Shirley & Warren*, by James Apple: He was always prettier than me, even at the age of three.



"He was insatiable. Three, four, five times a day, every day, was not unusual for him. He was also able to accept phone calls at the same time."

—JOAN COLLINS



"I'd have to do a feature piece with him, to see what all the fun is about."

—SHIRLEY MACLAINE

ACTRESS FRIEND During the filming of *Kids*, I saw him in London. It was a crew member's birthday, so we took a walk to buy a birthday present. We walked into this shop and there was a pretty young woman. She was all flirty: "I'll bet your name is Warren," he said. "Why not," she answered. "And I'll bet you're the Duke of the Year," he said. She was shaking in her boots. I realized later that he had read something in the newspaper about her and had deliberately chosen that store because he knew she worked there.

RICHARD STILWELL, production designer: I remember years ago, Warren used to scan the trade papers, looking to see who was getting a divorce. He was great with wounded birds. The guy had no hobby. It's his life.

NEW YORK WRITER I thought to myself, You have to try this—or's part of history. So I got up my nerve and called him at the Carlyle. I thought, I have to see what this is all about. We had a drink in his hotel room. He never got out of his bathrobe, even at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. He conducts all his business from bed. He's normally nice, there's a pretty boy aspect to him. He's not very masculine. He's almost batty. There's something girlish about him. He's also obsessed with cleanliness and disease. He told me he didn't want to have an orgasm because he was afraid that Diane Keaton would find out. He was supposed to fly to Washington with her that night for a screening of *Kids* and a new movie about her husband's suicide up his ass and whether to go. He's like a child. Kind of around development. Being in bed with this man is like being with a technician. He's the great knowing lecher in the world, but he was out there. It's like being onto a rat in a laundry sea. He's like a mad scientist.

FORMER ACTRESS He was studying with Stella Adler back then, and one week a long time ago, when class, she asked if Warren would like to come over that night. She was having a dinner party. He was very nervous and kind of creepy. When he showed up, there was a man at the door with a gun. He said, "Beatty? Beatty? No, I don't see your name on the list. Oh wait, here it is. Yes, Beatty. You're going to be serving."

GORD LILLY, former gossip columnist: Portline Rubenstein was a myth, this man of the world. Warren Beatty's a shillup. It's like comparing the Rat in Paris with the Great Hand at New York. Also, Kate's women were on a much higher plane than Warren's. Oh, I do remember a story about Beatty. It had something to do with bananas. It was really wild. You should call Jack Martin in Hollywood.

JACK MARTIN, former gossip columnist: Enormous! No, I don't remember any wild story about bananas.

SUSAN BRADY, when Warren Beatty is for my attention: The reason he's so successful is that he's more fun than anyone else.

JOAN COLLINS, actress, in *First Imperfect*, as autobiographer: He was unstable. Thrice. First, five times a day, every day, was not unusual for him. He was also like to accept phone calls at the same time.

RITA MAE BROWN, leading actress and author: My claim to fame is I'm one of seven women in Hollywood who haven't slept

with Warren... In the past three years, we've had two or three long telephone conversations. He's got phone sex—he's a ridiculously good listener. I can see why women fall all over him. Wouldn't it be marvelous if they held a convention?

From *Joe Fonda: The Actress in the Time*, by Fred Elton: Jane and Valerie spent most of 1967 in France... When some Warren Beatty, who I just had known stood they were both under contract to Jack Logan, came to Paris, Jane decided that Beatty should even live at Saint-Cloud, and she made elaborate plans to bring them together at a dinner she would prepare herself at the farmhouse... What Jane did not know was that Beatty had met Warren soon after his arrival in France, in typical fashion he immediately attempted a conquest, and they had spent some time together... During dinner, Warren remarked that the dinner was good, but—and now he looked considerably at Beatty—Jane caught on at once and managed to suppress her sharp annoyance, but Valerie picked up on Warren's comment and said that he understood exactly what he meant, adding, "In that, Jane is not quite as hungry's class."

SHIRLEY MACLAINE, in *Shirley & Warren*: I'd love to do a feature piece with him, to see what all the fun is about.

FEMALE HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE: I don't think he's a man who loves women. I think it's all about power and seduction.

LESLIE CARON, actress: If you woke him up in the middle of the night, before his delirium wore up, if that were ever possible, and asked what he wanted to be, I think he would say, "President." I don't think he'd stop and he's gaudier.

GARY BART: Warren was troubled by his lower-body image throughout the campaign, convinced that it would detract from his credibility. But the best way to judge a man is by his friends...

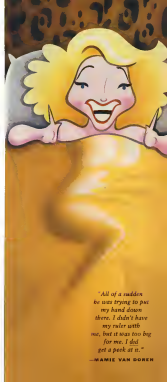
FORMER BART CAMPAIGN AIDE: It was as if Gary wanted to be Warren and Warren wanted to be Gary.

NEWSWEEK: For Hart to turn to an untested Don Juan like Beatty for advice is a mistake involving a sexual misadventure seemed a bit like hiring Don DeLoach as a personal mentor.

RICHARD STILWELL: He told me once that he had made a decision: "You either gonna fuck a lot of women or be a politician. I've made a choice," he said. "I've gonna fuck a lot of women."

ELIA KAZAN, director, in *A Life*, as autobiographer: I wondered who could play Jack Kennedy on the screen and decided on Warren Beatty. Warren had everything Jack had: looks, intelligence, charisma, and a commanding eye with the girls. But many things were missing. Warren also suffered from lower back trouble. I never asked him if this happened his knowing. "It doesn't hurt them," he answered.

From *The Andy Warhol Diaries*: It was the night of Jackie O's Christmas party... Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton were there, and Bob Fosse—overhead—Jackie saying that something



"All of a sudden he was trying to put my hand down there. I didn't have my ruler with me, but it was too big for me. I did get a peek at it."

—WAMIE VAN DOREN



"On a scale of one to ten, I'd rate his body a fifteen."

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Warren did in the hall was "disgusting," but he was never able to find out what it was... Steve told us that Warren had fucked Jackie O and he talked about it. Bianca said that Warren had probably just made it up, that he made it up that he'd slept with her—Bianca—and that when she saw him in the Beverly Wilshire she screamed, "Warren, I hear you say you're fucking me. How can you say that when it's not true?" and she said she embarrassed him. But then Bianca said that Warren had a big cock, and Steve said how would she know, and she said that all her girlfriends had slept with him.

MAMIE VAN GOREN, actress. He used to overindulge. It was always too wet in his mouth. Almost a drooling thing. He was just one nothing glad. I was just directed at the time and he was young, he must have been in his early twenties. He was very persistent, he just couldn't stand to be turned down. He would come over to my house and walk right into the bedrooms. It would be like a wedding march, he'd go on the bed. And I turned him down. One time we were kissing on the couch—it was the beginning of our relationship. We parted for a while and all this. All of a sudden he was crying to put my hand down there. It was very big. I thought to myself, I'd probably like to feel him, but not in it inside me. I didn't have my rules with me, but it was too big for me. I did get a pink it.

CAROLE MALLORY, former model turned actress. He's not King Kong. He's average in size, but more friendly than mine. It's not the size of Texas. More like the tip of Missouri.

SHIRLEY MACLAIN, in *Shirley* & Warren I haven't seen Warren naked since he was six. I'm really curious to find out if he really has what they say.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, actress. On a scale of one to ten, I'd rate his body a fifteen.

From Gary Grant & Touch of Elegance, by Warren G. Harris. When Warren Beatty dropped by his house to discuss *Heaven Can Wait*, Grant said he wasn't interested... Beatty took the rejection gracefully, which is more than might be said for his behavior after Grant asked Missions Donahue to write the music book to his car. His words, Beatty asked Donahue for a date. One eye led to an affair, with Donahue soon warning Grant "shirrrrr" and moving into Beatty's apartment at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

JERRY HALL, model, in *Warren Beatty and Donnet Egan, by David Thompson.* I'm sitting there and Warren starts to chat and then Mick leans over to talk and then he gets mad and says, "Warren, she's with me," because he's being fired. So Mick takes him over to the telephone booth and starts calling up models, crying to his Warren up with someone else.

LESLIE CARSON. Wayne has an interesting psychology. He has always fallen in love with girls who have just won or have nominated for an Academy Award.

EXTRA on the set of *The Pinky* & *Art*. We met in Atlantic City. He was producing the film. Apparently he was going with Melville Rappaport. It was outrageous. That's the way he is. He says yes, and that was it. The man knows exactly what he's doing. The time we spent together was the most wonderful experience of my life. I was breaking up with my husband.

He made me feel attractive. He's not rough, not macho, there's a gentleness to him. He talked about his childhood, his high school. He's very sensitive. In my mind, I knew this was all it was going to be. But he calls sometimes, and leaves messages on my machine. He always says, "Hi, it's me."

CAROLE MALLORY. He says what they want to hear. He pushes them out, but their hands always stay in.

FORMER ACTRESS TURNED JOURNALIST. I met him in London during the filming of *Ruby*. I was married at the time. He was terribly flirtatious. He makes you feel that you are the sexiest, sexiest woman. He was one of leading up to a sexual thing. I think he thought I was repressed. We were in a room together. Anyway, he told me if I was a real woman I would go down on the floor and bark like a dog. I was embarrassed and started laughing, but he was serious. There was no humor in his voice. I didn't do it. I got out of there as quickly as I could. I think it was laughing.

*From *Notable & Not*, by Warren G. Harris.* According to rumors circulating at the time, [playwright] Wilkes had fallen passionately in love with Beatty, who encouraged the attachment in order to advance his career. The exact nature of the relationship between the middle-aged playwright and the twenty-one-year-old school football star may never be known, but *Wag's* circle of gay friends jokingly dubbed him "Warren's lucky goldfish."

*From *The Life of Kenneth Tynan, by Kathleen Tynan.* The Berkeleys was alive and populated with coupling couples—one first view of sex outrage... We were particularly impressed by the stamina of one bearded-looking man and by the effort of an attractive girl, naked but for a pair of socks. Also impressed was our friend Warren Beatty, who happened to be shooting a film in Flensburg, and thought on check was the Rappaport. He had the contrary, or the charm, to go backstage and ask the girl in socks... whether she was interested by her work. "The day I come," answered this laughing professional as a broad Glasgow accent, "I quit."*

MICHELLE PHILLIPS, singer and actress, in *Shirley & Warren*. He tells that marriage isn't a happy, productive way of life. He probably won't be involved. He pretends to have a marriage relationship—but thinks they're healthier, or at least the only kind he can have.

*From *Notable & Not*.* A closely guarded secret, however, was that [Joan] Collins had recently undergone an abortion because Beatty felt he wasn't ready to take on the responsibilities of husband and father.

*From *The Andy Warhol Diaries*.* Diane Lane came and she's sweet, but she didn't have much to say... I said, "Did you ever sleep with Warren Beatty?" And then she came out and said that she actually had gone out with him and he cut her on his knee and told her not to be afraid of sex, gave her "falsely advice" and everything... :

MAMIE VAN GOREN. He's the type of man who will end up dying in his own arms.

WARREN BEATTY. Sometimes I wake up about 4 a.m. and I'm scared for a minute, because I wonder where the hell I am. **Q**



"I'm sitting there and Warren starts to chat and then Mick leans over to talk and then he gets mad and says, 'Warren, she's with me,' because he arrived first. Then he takes Warren over to the telephone booth and starts calling up models, trying to fix him up with someone else."

—JERRY HALL

BOCHCO

WHEN LITTLE STEVE BOCHCO was eight or nine, his family spent the summer at a lake in upstate New York. He was a skinny city kid who barely knew how to swim, and his mother ordered him to stay within the lake's shallow, cordoned-off section. But every day he kept crying a forlorn wooden raft out beyond the barrier. ■ Another summer at another beach, his mother actually tied a rope to his ankle to keep him from diving headlong into the sea while his back was turned. Even back then he couldn't resist testing the undertow largely because someone had told him he shouldn't. ■ And now, this tale... "It was beckoning me," Bochco remembers. ■ On the morning that he resolved to conquer it, Little Steve woke up early, smoked outside without awakening anyone, and plunged in. "I got about halfway out there and realized it was a lot farther than I thought it was. I couldn't drown. I remember fighting down a real feeling of fear." But, already far from shore, he paddled on until he could pull his exhausted body onto the ash. ■ "It made me feel very, very independent and powerful," says Bochco. "I was all alone. I loved that feeling of being alone. I didn't want anyone there. I actually prefer eating my failures and my successes in private."

Hollywood pays him \$50 million to produce one hit after another. It's no wonder he's watching his step

IT WAS A BAD DAY for Steven Bochco, and he doesn't know many. At 6:00 A.M. he peddled out the door of his Pacific Palisades home, in shaded expense of lawn edged with ingenuities, to retrieve the day's *Los Angeles Times*. He trundled back inside, past the living-room portrait of him and his wife, circa 1975, shoving a joint, and got into bed with a mug of coffee

ON THE EDGE

BY PAULA SPAN

His impeccable new show—as impeccable as the ABC network itself was hesitant about putting it on the air—focused on a forty-seven-year-old doctor named Doogie Howser. The series was to debut that night, and when Bochco flipped to the screen of the paper's Calendar section, he did not find what you'd call a clean bill of health. The critic branded the show "fundamentally flawed"; the headline declared it in CRITICAL CONDITION. ■ "Part of what bugs me is, somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty-two million people in Los Angeles are also reading that Little Steve Bochco is a jerk," he allows later. "It's not saying that, but Little Steve Bochco thinks he is." ■ It's not a happy position for someone who, it would seem, would rather keep his Nielsen ratings in his pants. But of course, the public never met that Little Steve, the one who'd like to pull the covers over his head. All in all, it's funny as hell, the *Murphy Brown* the most influential, the most highly paid, and by far the most visible television producer in the business, a man who has made the Emmy sitcom a kind

of personal promenade, as his well-worn *Hill Street Blues* and *L.A. Law* have together rained dirty five awards. ■ Three years ago, in a deal that set car phones working all over town, the American Broadcasting Company and arch-rival Century Fox paid him \$15 million that over the ensuing decade Bochco could work out winners after winners in the *do-over*, impossible-to-handicap derby of television ratings. Doogie Howser, M.D., is the first out of town already. ABC has lost.



Despite the backlash he is causing on his schedule, Bocho, as frequent viewers mustered, unforgotten. He has no longer and disheveled his beloved California guy persona that someone should not lose in one of those dead-end commercial, the perfect package of sustainable grumpy hair, cream pants, apple polishes, and Mike, smugly confiding that, kids, you can never let me see you sweat. Bocho thinks it's unwise to wear or dirt, and besides, it's not good for me. "It's not appropriate," he explains, "for the people that work with me to see me frightened, because it will frighten them, and a lot of frightened people don't do good work. Somebody has to keep up a good front. Somebody has to say, 'Hey, you, don't worry.'"

For Bocho, trying days seem mainly grey moments, he's used to respond to the reason with some of Hollywood's most notorious bathroom incidents. Last spring, for instance, Julia J. O'Connor of The New York Times lambasted what he was in a deodorant in L.A. Law, citing an episode in which rumors of brewery workers piling in the line participated a court case. "I pulled this weird thing out of his arse," Bocho says, "about how utterly obsessed with arse it was. So I wrote him a note: 'Dear Mr. O'Connor: Urine Trouble Now.'" In anticipation of further disparagement from O'Connor about Droge. However, Bocho has a growing card ready to dispatch. The card says, "WOMAN CANNOT EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE, UNLESS I AM DRIVING A dog lying in his."

Bocho's work will not grow easier. He's scheduled to grade the second eyebrow-stroke to emerge from his ABC. And, a present known in-house to CopBlock. His crew could add toward \$4 million per one-hour episode, and no half-hour will be moments and few hours regularly leaving into any and done.

When Bocho takes his imposing reputation on movies as early as an adolescent medic or medical cops and robbers, the industry collectively wonders whether he will fall on his charming face. Here in the schlock-drama capital of the world, a significant number of people probably hope he will.

But Bocho blankets any anxiety about the future under a postmodern calm, taking comfort in a charismatic metaphor: "I am someone who discloses, professionally, to expose himself... We're all Bochos. If you

whip open your suitcase in public, you always, first that someone's gonna say, 'Aw, that's not very big.'"

Today he parks his dark-blue Mercedes 460SEL—license plate DE 8200—in his reserved spot on the sixth Century Fox lot opposite a private back entrance to his anonymous new production company. The building has been gutted and converted with what Bocho comments to be 50,000 of Fox's dollars. Designated as a planned annex, it is a card of cool to media and you-know-it: Rancho Bocho.

Bocho's office is still bare-walled and a his raw-looking, though there is an inscribed photograph of Dr. Rick Weathermore propped on a table. Bocho used to talk about going to medical school to become a shrink, so Droge gave him an excuse to keep a *Pleasantville* DVD reference by the phone. But the wooden plaque that hangs above the doorway of his previous office—EVERY NOOSE IS A NOOSE, a fitting slogan for someone so determined to seem impenetrable as newsmen in costume.

He wears in half a dozen Google goggles, who dangles in plumb chains and holds, creating jobs and pressure. Bocho fields his no less than one on any chair, one long leg constantly creeping over the arm or onto the coffee table. He sometimes drops to the floor, inadvertently, to stretch his back. It's good to be the king.

The scheduled agenda is to cost upcoming Droge episodes, but soon enough the talk shifts toward to resist, most

was devastating. Devastating?" But that wasn't the worst of it. For the next two weeks, in reviews of two other shows, the same error continued to mislead *Variety*. "The guy," Bocho says, "was living my neck for three weeks." And not, goes the heartening, though unspoken, moral of the story, I never met a guy.

Bocho's best shows radiate intelligence and (irreverence), a charmingly oddball amalgam of absurd humor and grim drama, and they reflect his adult appreciation of life's underpinnings. How awkward efforts are as well written, performed, or produced. Yet a Bocho show also respects the parameters of episodic commercial TV, giving in place along with about one and six, social issues-of-the-week, and other staples of the genre. Bocho has never shown the slightest intention in the last decade of *Droge*. That's just fine with ABC, whose entertainment president, Robert Iger, will green light the first CopBlock franchise by Randy Newman) depicts considerable disquiet. "You and up saying, 'This is Steve Bocho,'" Iger explains. Droge, in the response of everyone but its creator, will be the first series the network rejects.

ABC and Fox are guaranteeing Bocho his \$10 million in return for producing ten series, at least five of which are half-hours, over ten years. The arrangement gives Bocho "a lot more autonomy than anyone else I can think of who works for a network," says his longtime boss Gene Timber. In improvisation in their reality, as reported by *Chicago*'s magazine, are independent

He leans in, eyeball to eyeball. "Are you a lesbian? Constipated? Did you ever bounce checks? Are you sexually dysfunctional? Do you ever masturbate? How many times?"

of which have been recently unliking. "I've had bad reviews before," someone claims.

"Oh, kids, take a number," Bocho protests, all nonchalant. "I got reviews that'll curl your hair."

There have been, it's easy to forget, plenty of Bocho-produced *Droge*, among them a 1997 made-for-television movie called *Vampire*. It inspired, Bocho gleefully informs his staff, the Los Angeles *Times* headline: *Vampire* with Bocho's face.

"It's like a crab on your knee, you gotta pick it," Bocho says. "So I need it. And it

ed—the number of commentators, the staggering amounts of money, the narrow focus to cover the massive production deficit, the \$4.5-million penalty ABC pays if it rejects a Bocho pitch. But more jaw-dropping was the news, unheard of in an industry in which a hollowed-out handful of writer-producers command 50 percent of a show's modified gross, that Bocho will own his shows outright. After paying Fox

Paula Span is a New York-based staff writer for The Washington Post. This is her first piece for *Esquire*.



A disheveled, bound persona of the relaxed California guy: "Hey, kids, never let them see you sweat."

its director's fee, Rodden will wind up with 40 to 70 percent of the proceeds. All he needs is a couple of hits that do well on syndication to push his rate far past the \$30 million mark.

Still, even Rodden has some distance to traverse before he moves entirely beyond the reach of the basic-cable and second-guessers. He needs the two hits that come ABC's and Fox's waystations before he can really establish his clout over the network, which still has the power to say no to his ideas, albeit at a cost. At least one show should be a half-hour, now that half-hour shows have become vastly more profitable in syndication than the hour-long dramas on which he's built his reputation.

"Now that he's got his own factory, he's got to turn out the sausage," says his wife of twenty-one years, actress Barbara Bosson. "Then he can do that show that's so fabulous that people will look at it and say, 'Wow, I love this.'"



Winkles... Really great... Taste...? Writer Rodden and his wife, Barbara Bosson.

IT'S THE morning after Dodge's debut, and the network's Rodden are "happi." Rodden glazes, bringing also CNN to check his show. Rodden is again sitting high and dry on that wooden table. Yes, I turned out okay in the green room, a CNN staffer hands him the standard release form, which he signs, with a flourish, "Albert Schweitzer." "They over-act look," he whispers. This, after all, is a man who never put a chicken suit and walked into a restaurant kitchen squealing, "Don't kill me!"

Rodden's final of Dodge. The show gives an entire the perfect excuse to indulge the childlike (some might say puerile) aspect of his humor. Dodge is literally strewn as its ravenous pigs, women pigs, adolescent lesbians about older women. Rodden loves them all, it screams his audience can down out his wife. He was particularly convinced, one afternoon at dusk, by a show of the overworked young disc jockey on a radio with his pants around his ankles. "I call him the Scatological Prince," says his mentor, veteran producer

Bill Buckhorn. Dodge draws legends of both, demonstrating what we can know. Rodden has a considerable affinity for the juvenile mind.

But Dodge House, M.D. stand only as outlet for Rodden's anger, it has a serious subject. It's a tribute to his father, who died of cancer thirteen years ago. The new logo for Steven Rodden Productions is another nod to a kind. It's a composite illustration of a photograph taken decades ago of his mother, dark-haired father playing

the violin. Rudolph Rodden, like Dodge, was a prodigy, an accomplished professional musician by the age of nine.

As an adult, however, Rudolph Rodden struggled. His family held onto its West Eighth Street apartment and never went without shoes, food, or a Saturday, but he could not provide them with financial stability. "One year was great, the next year was lousy," says his widow, Mimi Rodden. Rudolph left home to start a business handwriting fine literature, but the shop eventually went bankrupt.

"For all of his wonderful gifts," Rodden says of his father, "he didn't have a knack for making money. Just didn't know how to do it." Worse, "a great deal of the fighting because my mother and father went about money. What I found was the tension and the anger that I grew around me." He was very young when he realized that he would make money, plenty of it.

"Steven, as a little boy, didn't use to say

"I'm going to go into TV and buy a bunch of Emmys," his wife roared. "He used to say, 'I'm gonna be a millionaire.'"

So he is, money man over. In addition to the 30 clapnet-and-glass house (the pool behind, the court alongside) in Pacific Palisades, there's the house in Santa Fe and the ski condo in Deer Valley. There's the personal jet (also eight), which is fully-stocked with a crew of six, and a private jet. It's not just as a supreme machine of money-making but as a sign of ever-growing mental health. If Steven's buying a jet he must really be getting serious about taking weekends off. There are two cars, regular massages, a twice-a-week massage pro who makes house calls. But this is a subject that makes Rodden tense. If you persist in probing, a raw but noticeable fissure will open in his careful composure.

"It's nobody's business what I do with my dough," he'll say with cool anger, as he did one night at a lacrosse reception—will he forget on San Vincenzo. "I am angry at the perception that these facts of my life are up for grabs. It's like"—here he leans in close, eyeball to eyeball across the banquette—"you're a husband! Are you angry? Did you ever become child? Are you usually depressed? Do you masturbate? How many times?"

But if you don't get too specific, he'll merely prattle on about how unimportant money is. Money "is a tool," Rodden says, diving back to the Fox bar from CNN in the 50 state mobile. "It can make your life more comfortable. But I've never done what I do because of the dough. The one thing."

As this psychic moment he spins a shiny little baby blue Mercedes roadster turning right, now ahead. "I have to follow this pig!" Rodden announces, making a sudden swerve to the right, taking the two-second down a safe street. He catches up with it at a smuggle, rolls down his window, and yells, admiringly, "Great! Looks great. Really beautiful!" The blond headbody at the wheel accepts the compliment with a regal smile. Rudolph Rodden never owned a car, though every fall he and Steven made a ritual pilgrimage to the showrooms to check out the new models.

There was one other aspect of Rudolph's life that his son feels driven to avoid. Though Rudolph never stopped going records, had some loved him to take gigs with Broadway get orchestras and play Saturday TV specials. His son, very early on, promised himself "never to be indebted to people and not to be forced into a position, as my father was, of having to do things I didn't believe in." The Roddenovian person for control, forged on West Highland Street, was filled at Universal, where, he says, "you do what you are told to do."

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Rudolph Boechas and before managing his son's fall in a program with his golden hours. Brown was still at Universal, making her script home in New York for his father to read, when the cancer struck. He brought his parents to California for his father's last years, unsure whether Rudolph fully believed him capable of taking care of the family. "He was so frightened about taking risks," Boechas says. "I don't think he overestimated his ability to make a living because he never could." So Steven told his dying father a reassuring little lie. He told him that he had just signed a new seven-year contract with Universal when, in fact, he was making a break for MTM.

"I always, in my heart, knew I wasn't lying to him," Boechas says. "I was just reimagining the chronology."

Though Boechas claims that money is no longer his motivation, his ABC deal does not bear the fingerprints of someone unconcerned about "Kojak." Three years ago, when his first true contract was about to lapse, William Paley and Laurence Tisch personally offered Boechas command of

SHOW BUSINESS



On his left with Terry Louise Fisher of L.A. Law. "It was not necessarily easy, as one would hope, to make a living."

CBS's entertainment programming. It was a tempting proposition. "I've never known a better producer," Boechas says. "Who hasn't said so already? Jesus, I could do this better than these fuckin' idiots!" When he decided against the move, he quipped that he couldn't afford the pay cut (insufficient money was a central issue, Brown says). Running a network pays neither less than producing nor shows.

But it also came with running the corporate decision of the number-two or fourth network is not the powerful position it used to be. "William Paley was a genius show," Boechas says. "When I was a kid in the business growing up, there were still characters like Fred Silverman, who were one-man bands. That era is gone." The people who produce network shows these days answer to corporate executives like Tisch and his counterparts at Cap Cities and GR. They have less security and autonomy than Boechas has and smaller pay-

checks to boot. He'd be signing away the control that protects him from a comeback, a career like his father's.

In fact, his wife is convinced that his move for control explains why, for years, Boechas refused her entreaties to risk up sking. He doesn't like being off-balance.

IT HAS BEEN NEARLY twenty-five years since Little Street took the summer job that turned into what he now calls "my blood-

Thru, in 1960, he teamed up with Michael Kanell, a writer he'd known at Universal, and they created a new kind of cop show, set in a bleak ghetto in a warlike city.

Half Street later transformed the lives of everyone associated with it; it also changed television itself. Into the conventional low-budget police plot, it wove the stuff of acting, infatuation, infectious reality, too much to distill into one or two lines. Half Street began—several story lines intersecting at once, acted by an ensemble—agitated over several weeks, a bottom-up soap-opera device that has come to characterize more cherry small-screen dramas since. Half Street blew things open, but it was also a draining rate of passage.

"It was really like a war," says Boechas, who played Ray Perkins. "Blood was coming out of my ear every weekend, but I was working so hard. He'd say, 'Dude, I don't think I'm gonna make it, I'm so tired.' And we'd get into the last take." The crises—sprawling cast, huge costs, battles with network censors, struggles to win a second-season commitment—were relentless. "It was on this show," Kanell says, "that he and I both grew up."

Boechas may have grown up faster than he'd planned. Kanell, who had much to do with the drama's melancholy under, wanted to jump ship almost from the first. He says that he wanted to pursue other things, that he couldn't reduce the anger. "Episode after episode is the marathon event of show business," Kanell says. "Steven has always showed up on it, I've always walked." Boechas and MTM were consistently able to hold Kanell to his cooperative-producer responsibilities through the series' first season, then made him a "creative consultant" who helped devise story lines and "Finally, Steven and I just got tired of us." He was gone before the second season commenced, leaving his former partner to flounder alone the seven-day-a-week struggle to put twenty-two completed hours on the air.

Boechas will say only that Kanell was "too, fundamentally, a collaborator" and that the rupture was "very painful and painful." He felt panicked and—perhaps for the last time—lost control. "I have never quite seen a look on Steven's face like I saw on his face then," says Greg Hobbie, who replaced Kanell as co-executive producer. "He looked like he'd been smacked, hard."

Boechas worried Kanell's departure, proving to himself and any doubters that he could steer Half Street himself, guiding it through years three, four, and five. Then came a new public and more humiliating blow: Greg Tinker had gone off to rejoiner NBC, and the man who'd succeeded him at MTM abruptly forced Boechas out, replacing him with two of his

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Had he signaled this bit of self-knowledge earlier, might he have avoided some of the pain and disruption? Bucher shrugs. "If a bear didn't have an ankle," he notes, "he'd be just a fatty bag of skin."

On those occasions when he does decide to ventilate at high decibel levels, the target is generally some hapless school from standards and passions, a crime. Bucher used to start each season by breaking in his newest adversary. "He'd get on the phone and blather at these guys and say, 'That's it, I don't need this, I quit.'" Special moments. "This kind of world-weary, embittered performance... very manipulative, but successful." The critic invariably called back in a more compliant mood. "I always thought he did it as much for the fun of the wailing match as for good, sound editorial reasons," Tucker says.

Just last year on *L.A. Live*, there erupted the Great Star-Crack Controversy, which forced a producer to spend hours arguing with NBC, bowing almost a half dozen of a women's undies behind. Tucker... shower crack, longer duration? Fewer seconds in-camera, longer crack-binge debated. "Steve got some work," co-

port Hobbie. "He was bawling at people." The crack itself.

Last season, bawling over the language and attitudes of CapitolKiss, Bucher walked out of a meeting with ABC execs, saying he was "too old and too rich" to tolerate such insouciance. "Unless I can shoot the script I've written, I'm not gonna shoot it at all," he roared. "Let 'em see me."

But with his own staff, he prefers to play the generally good-natured gambler. In the couple of hundred feet between his office and the swimming pool, he can prove more flesh than a campaigning congressman. The poolside respond with jolky defiance. Perhaps, as Michael Tucker suggests, his fans are the only folks left who aren't intimidated. "People are afraid to argue with him now," says Tucker. "Maybe that's why he hangs around his old friends; they can still tell him to go back home."

Such old friends describe him as surprisingly, speakily cocksure from his college years on. The primary difference between rudy- and late-model Bucher is that "this one has a lot more to be confident about," Tucker says. In fact Bucher admits to being "plagued with anxiety and insecurity about two things." Though the worst of his self-doubts began to fade during the crucible that was Hill Cover, he still fears that he may run out second-year work. There are times when "I really, really want to go off and hide," he admits.

People around him would be inclined to hear it. "Steven is a natural freak," says a friend and colleague who's known him for years. "Whatever the real pain is, assuming that everyone has some reservoir of pain, I haven't ever gotten a sense of what his is.... You know what he usually says when I ask, 'What are you?' 'Whatever.' 'Really great.' 'Yeah.'"

Bucher has more than enough of both commodities he once sought, money and power, to stand down. He doesn't need to premiere a network night or make more TV news, a substantial proportion of which are sure to fall on increasingly public wags.

If CapitolKiss takes off, it will be hard to imagine a network saying no to anything Bucher might propose. But CapitolKiss might also be one of the more spectacular blunders in recent TV history. In the end, that's probably the very reason that Bucher is so highly excited about it: "I have people in my own company looking at me like, 'You are an idiot bastard,'" he cracks. That's all he has to hear, and Kerrie Savie's ready, standing on the shore, eyeing that soft belching on an impossible distance away.

"It's winning, you know?" he says. "It's winning." ☐

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TIME COVER OF STATE UNIFIED A NATION
Springtime for Germany



Springtime for Germany

TWO HEADS OF STATE WHO UNIFIED A NATION

By Steve Brodner

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FUN AT THE BEACH

The most memorable times are
often beyond recall—fortunately

GOT A LETTER from a girl said we ought to get together before her husband goes parole. Said maybe we could rent another hangarow down at Big Billy's Beach Cabanas like last time, maybe strum up some things and suck out the heads, maybe break a box of old 45s against the walls again, the tequila-drinking things, things like we doing it to her from behind with her leaning out the hangarow window whistling at sailors on the boardwalk, what did I think?

I wrote back and said Do I know you?

Got a letter back and she's got a big car now, a '79 Caprice with a four-hundred engine that runs hot, no AC but a backseat that could fuck four. Said the big engine car could make the four-hour trip under there, she can get off early because she got her job. Said she wants to run the big car out on the beach and get it stuck in deep sand, stuck in so deep it doesn't come out, and then we doing it in the backseat until the tide comes in the window pouring over us tonight.

I wrote back and said You never told me you were married.

I got a card back with it written in that sort of message script all over it that she wants me to shoot in her front, back, top, bottom, in her ear, and in the pocket of her white satin slacks. Said she wants to squeeze out the last drop after all the shooting and for me to drink copier water and pineapple juice to get ready, one for the sake and



BY MARK RICHARD

one for the worst, when would be a good weekend? I wrote back and said: What's he been in prison for?

I got back a starchy, hand-stamped piece of paper with two tiny raised holes stuck to it. I tossed the whole letter aside, not wanting a word more, me just lying around as my back-pain chases lounge with my toxic memory, watching spall loss build out at us. Then my telephone rings. It's her. She's at Lloyd's Aunt Thel's house on blocks from where I live, saying she's already in town, her husband's already got the porch, do I mind when she comes him sleeping on the floor?

My memory won't open for me to sit it up to find out who this girl is. She signs her name with a big S or a P or a D and puts a smiling face over what I guess is an e at the end of her name. I've taken a few girls from out of town down to Big Kid's Beach Cafeteria for a few days of her with drink and an all-her or two at a pole, but someone whiskey-dick dips I mostly had to thumb it in or see Popover sticks and durrage. I doubt this part about me doing it to her from my husband while she wheeled in rollers, while she was the one who used to get me all worked up talking dirty about Christmas pushing and business cars.

And her husband on the floor. I've coupled with a few husbands before, I've got the wood-kar-pain and heavy damage to prove it. My foot is a special place I have in the past shared with my dog, Bo. Greeting home on all fours like I used to, he'll never be as able to sit myself to bed but better than being able to stand up and lurch forward and possibly get in my neck drawer for the husband's nose. Bo often took the space on the floor between the porch and the bathroom, where there is sometimes a wing of house and where he is coming to be a foot-robustle contributing to my injury from moving my leg over him as my rapidly dark muscles. In my hands-on-front-of-me frontal toilet one day I never had Bo all that much, but see King that radium-muscle-matched-

FICTION

chicken-break-and-cribshell mix I used to buy him. So when he'd where in him, you'd just throw open the door, splashing my McQuil-and-spot-of-toxic cocktail, and tell him to just go on his and kill something. So I sat down from the pins-crown he came from crash came along the T-wagon. Stop. His hands is other of a man and a story. I am certain that he's general poor disposition comes from having to forgo, and having been struck by so many out-of-town tourists can an vacation. I think he takes the same house longers and why points in a home made better like myself does when the weather changes and the squid lines build out at us.

When I get the call from the girl down at Lloyd's Aunt Thel's house I have strong thoughts that create me greatly. I have a thought of Bo bounding down from the wild and down into the door and seeing the girl and her convict husband as they step from her new log car in my thought they have pushed down the locks before getting out and now they can't get back in and his run down so that he is full for three months and I have a car or drive.

Here is where my memory serves to define my thinking. I remember I am the only person Bo has ever bounded over the bottom to eat. That was when I had a job and would come home in my chickenhead sport car and monkey pants after a hard day as a cardboard indifference and he would come appearing, through the sand around the door, and would come to my ankles.

My memory was ultimately defining as I heard a big engine car pull up outside and down close, lounge up the stairs. I pulled up my pants and got off the plastic chair lounge.

We shook hands around the girl, her saying I'm me and he's the E-man, remember? and I say No, I don't, and he says Hey, no hard feelings, and I say That's likely.

He wasn't no big, about my size, his hands were smooth so I thought maybe Salomonson and he smiled and I saw his

length teeth filed into points. He rubbed his temples and said: You were thinking maybe Salomonson. Then he asked if the couple borrow the ten dollars I had wedded in my front right pants pocket. I gave it to him and the E-man went out the door to the street. I asked the girl: Can he always do that? and she said: Yes, he's pretty good at borrowing money from strange people.

As I listened to the girl, a sphere of meeting-gut memory bubbled up in the nearest zone of my mind, it bubbled up as a too-fire heat of confusion that told me that girl had an extra supply on her chest and could lend a quarter in half. I knew it was a trick but I remembered liking to see her do it.

We ought to get caught on the vine and the husband, I said, and the girl said what she might do is he down, just lie down. She said her mind changed with policy state.

I ask if her if the E-man was some sort of psychic monster. Oh no, I said, he's not the Perry Megason Killer, is he?

The girl ignored me and chuckled down at my split pants chaise lounge, the one with nines and ten and spiders that leave red pox on your neck and face if you sleep on them on the porch all night. The girl started jutting along, her fist pulling fibers of spurs packing material from my house, and I remembered her then, I remembered those bedtime chankings that the hotel once told me were the husband's from doing a moving level of leg incompulsion as a child. I remembered sleeping with this girl. I remembered sleeping with her was like sleeping with a flycatcher.

She was alone during minutes into REM sleep, leaning herself on the face and head, all around on the chaise lounge. I watched her from a safe distance sitting on my conical set. Down on the beach The E-man was passing, his chankings by night-deposit cars and building out change. They stopped and looked up at us on the porch. But a space in her mouth, one of them suggested. Thanks, I said. Sep, said me, is that the E-man's wife you're looking around with again? What do you know about the E-man, I asked down, but The E-man took flight and roared in the wild and down you down from my house. No E-man, not that, the girl said in her wrinkle with clasp on my chin.

The E-man came back carrying a big bag from the Suburban Discount Store, wearing dollar shoes with this dandy dog dangling out the bottom. He's wearing a monkey-nose-cone T-shirt that says HAWAII HAWAII, black-and-orange flip-flops, flip around his feet. You should see what I got, he said, bringing the head up the steps. The E-man's black-and-orange flip-flops

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Conservation Through Private Action

Original concept courtesy of Linda & Patricia Jarrett

Mark Richard, a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, has recently been awarded a grant by the National Endowment for the Arts.

crash as the screen darks and he's swinging his legs around trying to free himself, like a suicide-trick-or-treating apparition. He keeps his legs on the table. The E-man has a new plastic duck camera with duck lenses on the side and a laser display, carrying out with a duck head from the front. His short pockets are full of film. He says he let his old clothes in the ladies' room at Lofley's Auto Wash Store, the men's room was locked with someone groaning inside. The E-man looked different to me. There is a faintness about his face now in the Schubert bag. His previously naked neck is now the black collar color of mine.

In the bottom of the bag I see a set of Baroque files and a pair of gray boots. From my ten dollars the E-man gives me back my change, one hundred and seventy-five cents.

Hey, come on, what is this? I said. Take my picture, the E-man says, head-on and doing something with the duck to the back. The clip of the screen didn't move the girl sitting in the, drooping on the oval-capped webbed footed, leaning in his chair. I see his face down beside her so blow off the fat mosquitoes that took flight in the dead air, the small hair pulled and opened on the horizon.

I bound up three rolls of film on the E-man's outstretched arm and was only out. At night, keratinous ripples flash three blips offshore. You wake up with a bull-pen-between-headache and a stare for a snapshot of Sonoma. A crowd-much crowd came through where we were taking pictures, throwing sand in one another's eyes. I took several pictures of the E-man with his arm around a girl, her hair the color of lightning insulation. She prebed back the E-man's legs to better see his fed neck. His me, she said. The E-man's legs left footprints of pressure that held well when the flashlight got punched them. The flashlight got just the E-man to look all of her friends and be observed on these ones, there, adding, that neck. The whole crystal-airly jump out off down the beach again, clearing bushes out all the water with air, clear of being fish, then some and legs held forth as evidence.

The E-man wanted to go home. He was shivering. I was shivering, too, shivering. I

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was in need of a drink. The E-man tucked the crystal-much blood from his stomach. I where I was drinking about heading to over to where The Boy were sitting in the room-down beneath Stay-eight Street. Nothing fancy, some made liquor out with high-shed stables for mule-riding, some scoured cigarettes, the short stream-mag show runs on a rubber-band cigarette jacket. The usual.

The E-man was adamant about getting home before dark. He said he needed to be in his spirit corners. We walked along beside the boardwalk and the E-man began to drink. His blue duck-head camera boomed against his jawed to his mouth. He was so bent over, his small feet diving up. He was bent so that he wouldn't when he walked, his waist flapped, and a hand of his found a hand of mine. A margin on the boardwalk said so no wonder look, now, this guy is walking a monkey! Cheerish, hey Cheers! You heist!

The E-man was so drunk up by the time we got to my house that I could have easily belted him up in my hands and dispatched him onto the deck of the leonine table or filling street, erasing our shoes.

OFFICER WELT came by the next morning. Officer Welt wanted his stolen bar stumps, and sometimes his hands began to shake and his belly clabbed in the sidewalk during a power-gum construction of a prepaper. He then glared eyed lapses of serving and prewriting, an arm from an accomplice in the crowd will reach in and probe the perpetrator's arm across. Run, folk, the accomplice will say.

The warrant against me was written in and bull-pen: pen in the margins of a notebook from Mike's Automat on the sidewalk of Balboa. Apparently, the charges were Unlawful Assembly with a Champion and Harboring a Dog. I tipped Officer Welt a couple of bucks and landed the scene. The chock-filled shopkeepers in the police car parked at the curb laughed and slapped the dashboard, then banged the scene a couple of turns to clear Officer Welt. Officer Welt had added over into the driver's seat the house. Last month the

shopkeepers put Officer Welt out on the intersection of where Princeton merges with Kilmouth Expressway to direct rush-hour tourist traffic. A bunch of people lost their car offensively dispatched and ordered to bend over.

I went into the kitchen and fixed up some green tomato slices and a half dozen eggs sliced Armed Forces Day. I sat on the plunger on the table and went out on the porch to get the girl off the corned chicken lounge where she spent the night. I myself slept with a cougar mulet in the streets and a company rail beneath my pillow. All night long the E-man was leaning upside down in the shower, singing, his gravity boots hooked onto the plumbing, doing his usual whistles, singing, singing in the running water long after I knew the hot had run out. I clutched my smelter and gazed on my nail.

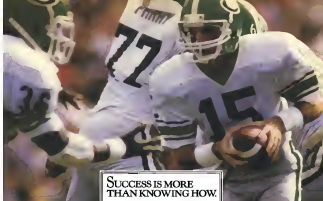
I got the girl up off the chicken lounge, but she's a red-powered spouting of burnt pork.

On one the beach the E-man had built a high-walled castle surrounded by a molly bel-mat. I came out and the E-man painted out the inside, the subterranean mobile recovery area, the library, the Hall of Kings, and the microwave towers he has built cranking sand with my hair. Heist. Hey, take my picture, he says. After breakfast, I say.

I probed the plug on the hot plate of Styrofoam coffee and poured it all around. The girl had both hands around her cup, letting her eggs go cold. The E-man was elbow mulet eggs with a Kory soup spoon. I used to eat to run. Get down out of the car for me when he would say that radioactive hand. The E-man looked his place, I walked over at like the kitchen door fresh out of the E-man's greening a little on the cross-mule edge, a little, no light center bulb, he said.

By the time I set down the E-man was into the girl's hairbrush, her eggs, her costume, then he set the plates of half a loaf of brown toast. A stick to work, he says, shingled out of house-baked bread onto his plate. The clatter of much he made out of my room while I was with Officer Welt, my favorite GONNOR shirt and my new-invented mouse, seem to be him nearly. It could have easily been me. I was watching prying his skin in the rubber bag. I have let a stick and serving off out the back door to become some sort against the seaward inside wall. The morning tide was threatening the boatkeeper.

You and the gotta talk, I said to the girl. All right, she says, I've had my coffee. She drops off her dress, asked. She points my two cold fried eggs off my plate. She pulls them to her breast and the yellow parts break popping between her breasts. She moves across, leading into and, dropping



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E-man when the police came. I drove up the stairs and at the door I heard the howling come some lower furniture and chased some children playing back the car screaming across their yards. I ran over their bicycles and toys. I headed down Double Pass and howled over some new chain link and fastened a prefer fence. The girl had been right, there's nothing like a giant bug can with a four hundred ounce and 170 bones under the hood.

On these days I howled through a season of highway handovers where they are completing the 1st interchange, and I delivered a school bus of children coming home from Bible camp. For good measure in the basement I howled over every trash can from Jeremy's couch to Twelfth, even catching one that hung neck under the car spending fifteen spots down the boulevard as I sing it along. The spirits jumped around off the sidewalks and set a small trash bin on the corner of Beach and Dixie. It was a small fire when the boys happened upon it, but they loaded a all night work which they received from the Fortsonville Amphibian Youth Hostel, themselves I later learned naming in economy-size bowls of flame resistance. At home, I helped the keys to the car back into the girl's pants and lay in bed with my cravat mallet and my respiratory rail.

The house was excellent around. In the morning, the police sharpeners headed back way through my screen door with moustache, two lycenal cranes in tow. I was just going to point my what they could hold the proposition of the previous night's dining sessions, only playing in the sand on the beach, where the screen women screamed that's the moment! The screen couple were discussing and pointing at me, two handbags and bloody goats around their necks. Look at what that filthy beast did to me, the women said, unloading a be of goat to show some very detective if it was worth being. Before I could raise an argument in my defense a police dog roared. I watched the associations with a fat companion. They let Officer Wink take me into the back of the police car using a camera along watch and a length of photo wire.

When I came on, handcuffed behind my back in the car, I was informed I was being charged with Unlawful Digging of Tarp Traps on the Beach. The screen couple had been taking a midnight stroll by my house breathing in the lavender and had fallen into a carefully concealed covered hole where someone about my age had tried to get them starting with their snails. The couple laughed the snailtrap monster off with a was bottle and the woman's shoes, and sent the monster into my house wearing

a shirt that said COCONUTS on it. The man seemed had managed to rip a slank of coffee black hair from the proprietor's head. Could I account for every hair on my head last night?

I said Hell fellow. I'd been out howling and they said I had.

Every time I opened my mouth in my own defense the police sharpeners would spread up and down them on the benches shouting Look out for that dog! and I would go crawling headfirst face first into the steel chicken-wire between the seats. It was great fun for the sharpeners. As

we turned onto Brownwood Lane, the came slapping out from behind the Megachuck Deli and the police car jumped the curb to avoid him, pulverizing into a stand of metal benches.

Hey, I shouted, that was my dog! They shouted the police sharpeners and they slammed on the brakes.

The right-trip trip was a heavy hammer, twice better in the cooler and a fifty-dollar fine. I was home for breakfast, Armed Forces eggs and Spaghetti coffee. The 30 man had filed in his right trip and now was populating his sea walling city

with stick people made from the bones of past he found in the donut next door. The radio was on in my room, the door was closed, I could hear the girl talking and the whispering noise. I kicked the door open like I had done a long time ago and my memory slipped its position in my mind again. Inside the room the girl was reading. He's broken leg with plastic and lamination and when he looked at me like she looked at me when I looked in the door I knew it would that once I had lived her and that it had been a very long time ago.

I went out on the beach and looked and

in the E-man's face. How dare you come back around here, I said. I kept looking out from him covering his with sand but he began to shrink up. Oh no you don't I said, you're not going to shrink on me. I was trying to stretch him out when he began to sing. Stop at I said but he kept on singing until I was punched by one single spot and a sand for a drink.

I woke up the next morning side-faced in the sand on the beach. Just before I awoke I was dreaming I was trying to spot a nose through an open window in my house to

the girl I once owned I once loved, but the police sharpeners were picking out my tongue with needle-pointed pins. I snored myself awake. Kind of coughed, and opened my eyes in time to see a human crab walk out of my gaping mouth across the sand.

I awoke. There was a black enter in front of my house like a garbage canister had smacked, and my memory landed a gun, then smacked, and I remembered The Boys and their jubilee dancing, my ash-lower dancing around a fire, smoking and painting around pillars of dancing products. The fire. It had been the fire's own wilder eye with a dead disk of someone trapped in his spine. Someone Someone had lit it. For hours burned the boutique and the library, the Hall of Kings, the bare people trapped in the church and burned to crematorium heater centers.

I believed in an eye to eye to eye to eye to eye, knowing that each moving snail and loose molar represented an attempt at pervasive gnawing or a carbonic chew, or some partially outraged citizen's well-meaning pool con. My tongue made a quick sweep from cheek to cheek and I neatly shed it open to my front teeth that had been overnight filed into rounded points.

Muching to the house, I remembered my beloved of industrial slant and electric wire some clothing around in the rain cycle of my stomach. Of course Ro was gone. Of course the girl was gone. Of course the car had left the driveway. But I heard the winter morning in the downtown slowness. I could see the heads of gravity beams hanging in the underbelly of my downtown plume. I thought of the dance to the downtown rail. The E-man was still there. He was hanging upside down in the morning mist, a twirling and down through his shoulders heart with a croquet mallet.

THE BOYS COME TO VISIT me on special days. They bring me six dozen clean like top teeth and news from the outside. Sometimes they bring me photographs they have taken with the dual-head camera. They always have pictures of the girl and Ro. The girl and Ro have ended into my house, photographically there. The Boys show me photographs of the girl and Ro on the beach in the kitchen evenings, her throwing a blackened banana from the creek for her to drink. They show me their photos but they don't let me keep them.

That's all right. Just the other day I got a letter from the girl. It said Thank you thank you thank you. When I get out of here I plan to reunite in with her and the dog, kind of like old times. If memory serves, we will be very, very happy. ☐



The sound was jazz, the atmosphere was smoky, and the mood was martinis.

One day, South Side of Chicago it was Lincoln Gardens, up on Market was the Cotton Club. But a cold wave had just broken and here there was a fire, a dance floor, and jazz.

While you're talking about jazz you can't say an entire night of jazz passed by without the musicians. While talking about jazz you can't say, heart pounding New Orleans jazz, here there the music of passionate musicians who traveled from all over the world to come together in the heart of the city and a makeshift bed in the backroom.

Strong their own like Johnny Doodle and Papa Joe Oliver were among the first of the new jazz stars. Right after night, they played to packed, under the stars, bringing with them the new flame of music they created.

Jazz was in vogue, the people were mad for it. "Night Clubbers," as they were called, passed entire hours just to hear the new music from the South Side, and the dance. And the drink of choice was martinis.

However, the martinis were more than the king of cocktails, it was a symbol for the changing life was turning the corner when World War I. People were after things that were fun, new and exciting. But that was what they got. Black and white jazz bands played what no one else was playing, and each band was made up of several professionals.

While the music is back, and though you can't return to the Cotton Club in time has you been the best of Papa Joe Oliver, you can now a martini cocktail with a much better than Oliver's. There's what a new old story.

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Don't Be Mean to Your Machine

By Donald R. Katz

IN THE EARLY FALL of 1980, I hauled off and purchased a computer. It was two months after I'd purchased my first machine, and ten months after I'd somehow adopted an entire chapter of a book I was writing to the eternal hell of the data road. My work was gone forever, vaporized because in my sleepless reverie I'd relinquished control to a machine I didn't understand.

I tried hard to reflect upon the sunny reaction of Thomas Carlyle on the day John Stuart Mill came over to say that his maid had chosen the sole cups of Carlyle's recently completed *The French Revolution* into the box. Carlyle was nothing if not gracious to Mill and offered but a single sleepless night before returning to rewrite the manuscript. But as I rumpled around my apartment, apologetic with rage, I knew in my heart I would have killed Mill in the doorway—thus robbing the world of his famous essays on logic, liberty, and the subjugation of women—before leaving to hulk down the road.

For want of a Mill to kill, I am somewhat embarrassed to admit that I purchased my beloved MD-9 computer last enough to knock the monitor on its side.

My girlfriends kept insisting that I call a friend of hers, a part-time computer buff named John, and eventually I did. I blathered pitifully on the phone, but John remained calm.

"Have you turned off the machine?" he asked gently.

"No... Well, I did. It did fall over, but it's still on."

"Don't let it again," he said, as if he'd seen the whole thing. "It'll be right over."

And then very afternoon, like Christ outside the door of Lamaze, John taught back some me from the dictionary my last chapter. . . .

Donald R. Katz is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



Have computers become too complex to keep their users friendly?

We are close friends now, John and I, and I think he rather appreciates that I no longer fall to my knees and kiss his ankles whenever he arrives to help sort another technological debacle. He continues to build my computers at a leisure of the sort of limited requests, and though he is a sound technician by profession, he has built five computers for many of my friends. He has customized my keyboard and streamlined my software. He fixes my daisy, laptop, printers, phones, answering machines, tape recorders, VCR's, and the like, and he has even connected important answers from divided and opaque, elite in exchange for nothing more than a bottle of red wine. He advises me on new ac-

quisitions and addresses my electronic needs by separating the merely diverting gadget from the coherent necessity, and he talks compassionately about the things he advises me where he says the cutting edge. John never descends to the glib celebration that characterizes so much technological discourse, and his analysis often comes on the way in which an invention will change a life, or how soon it will be surpassed, or how truly a thing will break, and most of all, on how easily it can be fixed.

I have to hang out and talk with John in his workshop, a place seemingly covered in rubber rooms. His many windows—often wild-eyed representations of the present of the populace that resembles my machine as not more or an understanding of new technology—fill rooms

so are between numerous stacked computer chips, stacked-up motherboards, video terminals, vast reels of recording machines, hundreds of scattered disks and manuals, the compulsory phone-PC printer-copier assembly all in a corner, and thousands of tiny, bright screens and special media that he everywhere keeps steel shavings and benches. John moves balletically through this apparent chaos, often wearing a wireless telephone headset that allows him to keep his hands free.

When he first came to my rescue, John appeared as if surrounded by light. Washed with his of the knees that had suddenly emerged control of my work and life, I regarded him as previous pro-

estimates regarded their machine men, and as great orators when they regarded the men and women of medicine. He was my link between unknown and known, the vehicle by which I moved from fear to peace. As I became less impaired by the new machines, and after I came to appreciate how deeply John conjugated his technical mastery with his applications of technology, I realized that in some sense, Roger Karmatz, who'd somehow strayed into the world of the full time "techno" early enough to tag along.

But lately I've noticed that most people I know share the secret that they can only live in peace with the machines that have revolutionized daily existence by not making overt variations of John's aspect of their lives. It seems the pace of technological evolution has so broadened the gulf between those two out of ten Americans who are involved with technology—who work with it, make it, are served by it on special and publications and the like—and the eight citizens who are not, that those among the eight who want to sense a control have asked they need help. The very quality of most lives has become dependent on the successful completion of the two sides of the curve.

My friend John—and those thousands of others who have become like him during the last decade—experience an entirely new social space, a living bridge between the left and right sides of the collective mind, between the "they"—as in "What will they think of next?"—and the "me" of the class "they" perceive only as intensely fulfilled—*"real ones."* John's not a technocrat, because, among other things, he doesn't seek to bury further into the positive crest and momentous language of technology. He is currently not a "hacker," who labors alone and bloodied before a screen, often with antisocial success. He doesn't look like or laugh like a stereotypical nerd, but then I didn't know him when he was thirteen. He is not a "brouter," because he doesn't tell the staff to love John down in engineering from back orders of the divide he has the order of the acquisition of technology by the whole. He believes technology is a multi-recursive, and dispenses in the extreme if it is not understood.

He is, I believe, a prime example of techno-omni-verse man, a living interface between the two sides of an ever-widening cultural chasm.

Full-time creators and sellers of new technologies might argue that this individual bridge of the gap is utterly unnecessary, because coming machines of all sorts will build the necessary John factor inside. They will create "user friendly," creature, even "thinking" devices. The best example

TechnoCulture

of the today-omni-verse machine man, is the Apple Macintosh, which you can just switch on and fly.

But even if we ignore the fact that every instant, hardware-dependent professional I know admits to having up-*already* be in the cells in many of trouble, there is little evidence of belief that machines themselves will bridge the divide in the near future. For one thing, there is the simple sociological fact that human beings will never read instructions. The phone company has found that people will not even read an LCD screen flashing information at them from a pay phone, and, conversely, phone developers have accepted that they must somehow create phones that explain everything on design.

This is a long way off in the meantime, instruction books look more like Russian novels all the time. And why is it that the more you pay for most electronics, the more complicated, more rigged with dials and switches and dancing graphs it isn't the backwards?

It would, in fact, seem that manufacturers say when trying to move the techno-omni-verse free-learners out of the game so

Why is it that the more you pay for electronics, the more complicated, more rigged with dancing graphs it is? Isn't this backwards?

that service departments will keep busy. Show me a techno-omni-verse individual of this recent past—the designer, artist, computer neighborhood (or technician)—who can even recognize what's under a modern board. Every car has to be hooked up to another computer in front of half trained technicians now, when writing an engine the "twenty-five-cent part" replaced by an undrivable \$500 board phenomenon. The manufacturers haven't actually accepted that we need techno-omni-verse, they just seek to sue it. They put their techno-omni-verse, able to talk to the public types at the end of two centuries. John recently went to visit with the maker of his cap because they refused to sell him what he knew more than on his machine means. They said only their servicepeople were allowed the information, and the machine was about to get legal before a manual finally arrived in John's mail.

Most big corporations no longer rely on their technology anymore for the "secret"; they need something called an "information center" now exist inside most big companies. These the hardware and software are tested and explained by a new breed of specialist who is supposed to be close the screen, projection, and from of the outside technology window, the air-house (usually quite pleasant) makers, and the generalist managers, most of whom have spent much of the last decade feeling overwhelmed by the task of making decisions about technological issues that no body could even explain to them. There is much discussion in company circles these days about the day called for humanized technology, and about whether they are created or can be made.

My friend John's omniscient answers quite clearly from a fervid, profoundly American desire to beat down the power of any rule, and demonstrate order—where it's taking the Queen's English down several steps in a working American vernacular, or flipping out how to read such well enough to consider doing something on its without any help. It's a personal tradition of old-fashioned know-how, conscientiousness, and alone all independence.

"I simply will not be dependent on a piece of technology that I can't fix," John says. Every so often I find, gaily about my dependence upon John. ("Gaily?" said a friend whose lucrative business depends on a John dependent system. "I lose sleep worrying about my dependence on him. I need to worry that the technology would fail. Now I worry that I won't be able to fix John.")

But John always points out his own dependence on a web of personal contacts he turns to when in need. "I try to keep things simple by relying on a few people dependent on a technology I don't understand," he says, shaking around the glowing metal in his workshop, "and you do the same thing by having access to someone who can help you out. The way I see it, we're all in the same boat."

Knowledge as technology's best gift is the freedom it gives us from making links and from dependence upon or created by others. John's love to play this American Adam in the computer age—as not terror for the rest of us—comes just as heroic as when it was my last day past. Yet he's something more than a Spock to my Kirk. Every year out of the technological to person needs a friend like John. ■

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This year's theme, "Meeting the Challenges," embodies the achievements of many inspiring individuals. On April 24, 1990, Carrie and Pete Roselle were presented with the prestigious Founders' Research Award for Outstanding Service. New York Knicks star Patrick Ewing and golf great Ray Floyd received the distinguished Silver Hope Chest Award, and Dr. Labe C. Scheinberg, founder and director of the country's largest MS comprehensive care center at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, was honored as the 1990 Volunteer of the Year.

The 1990 honorees join an all-star roster of previous award recipients including U.S. Senator Bill Bradley, Joe DiMaggio, Julius Erving, Peggy Fleming, James Garner, Bob Hope, Bruce Jenner, Florence Griffith Joyner, Super Ray Leonard, Nancy Lopez, Jack Nicklaus, Bobby Orr, Walter Payton, Tom Seaver, Bill Shoemaker, Derek Sherre, O.J. Simpson, and Darryl Sullivan.

With tenacity and spirit not unlike that of these great athletes, the MS Dinner of Champions has flourished, consistently rising to the challenge of its fund-raising goals. Last year, the Dinner raised nearly \$2 million and in 1990, in a fitting welcome to a new decade, it topped its goal again. The advertisers on these pages are proud to support the fight against multiple sclerosis, and to join *Equire* and hundreds of thousands of volunteers across the country who are working toward the ultimate elimination of this devastating disease.



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**A MESSAGE FROM THE MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY
NATIONAL DINNER CHAIRMAN
MARTIN S. DAVIS**

The Multiple Sclerosis Society, one of the largest voluntary health agencies in the United States, is the only organization that supports a wide range of national research programs and provides services for the hundreds of thousands of Americans who suffer from this devastating disease.

Multiple sclerosis is a chronic and often disabling disease that strikes without warning in the prime of life. Those stricken are usually between the ages of 20 and 40, just beginning to build careers and families. The disease attacks the central nervous system, affecting talking, seeing, hearing and balance. Its symptoms, the result of "short circuits" or interrupted nerve impulses between the brain and the central nervous system, can range in severity from tingling sensations or numbness to permanent paralysis.

There is no known cause or cure for multiple sclerosis and the course of the disease is unpredictable, producing a lifetime of uncertainty. As a result, the needs of people with multiple sclerosis and their families are many. The MS Society addresses these needs with a diverse program of direct services, including:

- Comprehensive care centers which provide coordinated medical services for MS patients
- Vocational and counseling services, including support groups, research symposia, career development and weekend retreats
- Rehabilitative services such as water therapy, exercise and recreation
- Crisis service programs for emergency needs
- Advocacy for the disabled on the national, state and local government levels and legal services to help with the enormous range of issues confronting them.

These programs and our ultimate success in finding a cure depend on the generosity of many individuals and corporations. In New York, our primary source of support is the annual MS Dinner of Champions®. In addition to Frank Gelford, who founded the Dinner with me nearly 20 years ago, our dedicated Dinner team — including New York City Dinner Co-Chairmen Ronald D. Perlman and Irving R. Pucher, and Ted Kuhl, John Magliocco and Roger S. Penick, who chair our Dinner journal — plays a vital role. We are especially grateful to REVLON for its generous support in underwriting the production of the journal. We also want to thank *Equire* and the Home Corporation, our many journal advertisers, dinner guests, and contributors for their commitment to our work.

Together we do make a difference, and we will triumph in the fight against MS.

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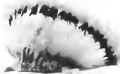


Paramount Communications is proud to work closely with the Multiple Sclerosis Society to bring an end to the devastating disease that affects more than 500,000 Americans. We have committed our

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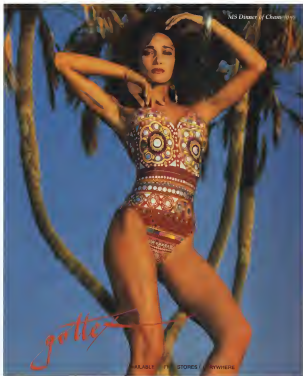
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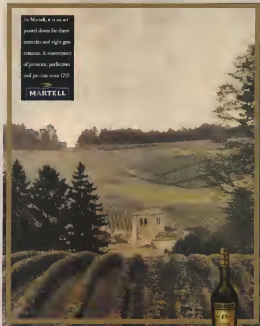
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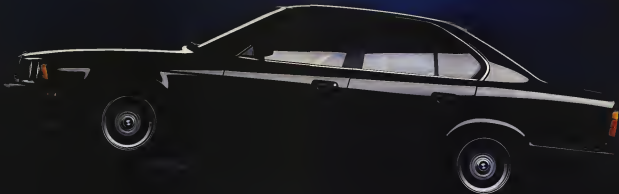
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A Letter at Last...

BRUCE FULTON
NEW YORK

Dear Lou,

The Baseball Trade Reporter just hit me on my lap, off one of those sidewalks and into a sidewalk where publishing's Boston is peddled (they be common's press).

Common's first speech-long grass, at park die in editorial papers in the Commonwealth Law Review. I hadn't noticed until somebody—Bob Scott?—told me die die cups one after down sidewalk under vendors of Kefauver and Harris and anything and everything except books. Could this, and not institutional economy, explain Markham's sudden predilection of open air libraries?

Baseball trade? Suddenly I'm of suspect and drama, back in the pre-line agency era, when owners could and did court these charmers from team to team like kids begging tokens around a Menoply board.

I'll be through the Baseball Trade Reporter and review five years from the sports pages of my boyhood. Plus the odd check. No! The Tigers need! Kelt, Toot, and even to the Red Sox for Peily and Dingo! It's as if two commoners have exchanged shops overnight! Zounds! What kind of monetary play can baseball be when today's homeown here becomes tomorrow's winning rat, as when the Giant's Sanguine salesman told "The Barber" Magie from the loop of the hand Dodgers?

Five months for it has gone. The Senators send Lou Dene to the Chiles for Ten O'Clock on what I call amateur Shirley French calling an even transaction, in that book takes less. The pages of the Trade Reporter occasionally read like a record of confusion and caprice. The Boston keep acquiring and shedding and reacquiring Stubby Overman and Lou Krawiec and Freddie Martin. The Yankees keep scooping up star every September and buying points in insurance. John Jay Sox, Johnny Mize, Johnny Hugg, Earl Blackwell, Klemmels, no pitcher ever mounted in and out of Washington offered that pitcher Bubs Newman.

It was the human side of trades that intrigued me the most. Imagine you're Tom Perick, under for the dominant ace in Boston Brown, waking up on June 13, 1918, to find

yourself suddenly bought from put to parade. You're a New York Yankee, Tom! This is better than the last chapter of Oliver Twist! Roaming, stored Yankee Stadium is now your home instead of camp, so-called, deserted Symon's Park!

And then imagine you're Smokey Stowers, out as old derby line of those Yankees, spurring down and down into darkest Newsmen as part of the same deal. Poor Smokey! No more postage paid, no more night on Broadway!

Only much later was I persuaded that all this goes on partly had been half-crazily misplaced. Big league with him—as the only one with whom I ever discussed the matter—instead an explanation, while normally I spent all my at isn't so sure and disapprove here (instead of a warning, by unimpaired) leaving necessary help, who can not whether they're Yankees or Yankees. Who are largely at different in where they play their trade despite constant obligatory media can about team pride, team culture, the fine form of high risk. Last place team, indeed, can be beaten. A lack of pressure. Freedom to chase selfish goals with abandon. And in next pressy.

None of which goes on with each member in the clubhouse with the pleasure of raising the baseball trade of every year.

For trade, like book now, no. I'd pay for books just to find out that Eddie Robinson had been traded to the White Sox only two weeks before coming for the Cardinals in the very first major league game I ever saw. But, I almost wrote "Packed" "Stop me before I quote you again."

Eddie Robinson, of course, went on to become a major-league G.M. and one of the worst traders in the history of the game. It says so here in the Baseball Trade Reporter. Roger Angell tells about baseball's beautiful symmetry, you see what he means.

Yours,

Fulton



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

LOUNGE LIZARD

PROFESSION: *golfing, drinking, New York Daily Mirror*

HOBBS: *Leaping the high ceiling, drinks with lady roomers. "Don't give me a place where you could give me, not to be there."*

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: *the beauty of sleep.*

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: *"Because my lady told me I could."*

QUOTES: *"It only costs a few dollars to go to my first class."*

LAST BOOK READ: *Oh, What a Wonderful World, by John Galsworthy.*

PROFILE: *Frivolous, nocturnal and unrepentant. Considerable with very crowd, though values his anonymity. "I guess it could be said I'm a reptile to all men."*

ROCK BOTTOM: *"Don't let White Label down, it's a glass."*





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